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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1950.



**TO ASCEND THE THRONE OF BELGIUM WHEN HE REACHES THE AGE OF 21 ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1951:
CROWN PRINCE BAUDOUIN, WHO WILL, UNTIL THAT DATE, BE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE REALM.**

The Belgian Royal Question, which has long caused grave dissension in the country, came to a head when King Leopold, on July 22, returned to the country from his exile in Switzerland after the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Speaker of the Senate and the Prime Minister, M. Duvieusart, had handed him the decree passed by the joint Session of both Houses of Parliament enabling him to resume the exercise of his prerogatives. King Leopold's return was the signal for an outbreak of strikes,

serious disturbances and acts of violence, possibly stirred up by Communists (illustrated on other pages), and, on August 1, after meetings which had continued throughout the night, he agreed to abdicate. He asked Parliament to pass a law handing over his powers to his nineteen-year-old eldest son, Crown Prince Baudouin, as Lieutenant-General of the Realm; and stated that his abdication would take place on September 7, 1951, when Prince Baudouin will attain the age of twenty-one.

THE DRAMA OF KING LEOPOLD'S ABDICATION: SCENES AND PERSONALITIES IN BELGIUM.



AT GRÂCE BERLEUR, NEAR LIÈGE: CROWDS FILING PAST THE SPOT—MARKED BY WREATHS—WHERE THREE MEN WERE SHOT DEAD BY GENDARMES ON JULY 30.



POLICE PREPARING TO CHARGE A HOSTILE CROWD IN BRUSSELS ON JULY 29 AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DISTURBANCES: THE SMOKE IS FROM HARMLESS "NOISE GRENADES."



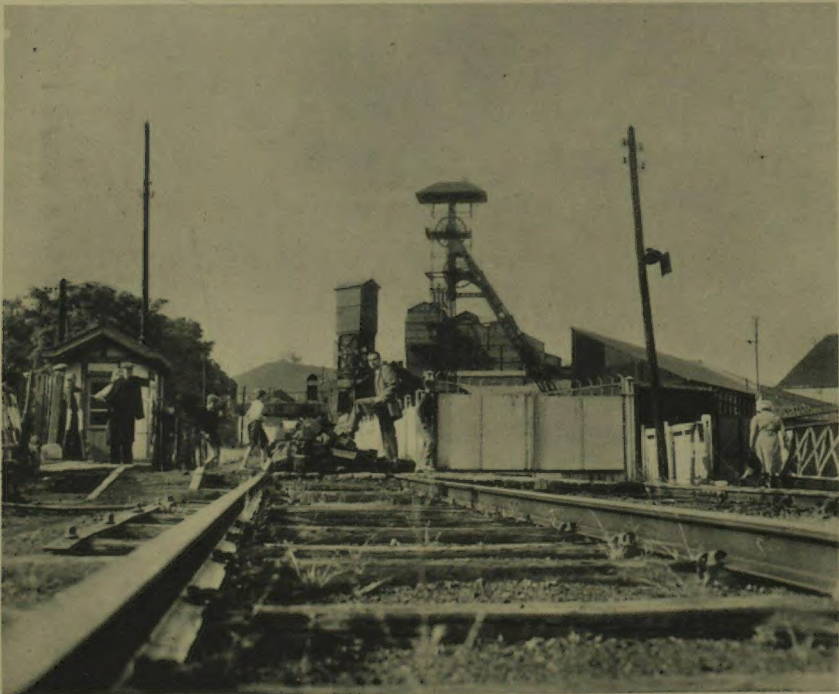
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY, WHICH OPPOSED THE KING'S RETURN: M. Buset ON HIS WAY TO SEE KING LEOPOLD ON JULY 31.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ROYAL PALACE OF LAEKEN AFTER HIS RETURN ON JULY 22: KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS (SECOND FROM LEFT) BETWEEN (LEFT) CROWN PRINCE BAUDOUIN AND (RIGHT) PRINCE ALBERT.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF BELGIUM: M. JEAN DUVIEUSART, CHRISTIAN SOCIAL (CATHOLIC) PARTY, WHICH FAVOURED LEOPOLD'S RETURN.



RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS INTERRUPTED BY THE ANTI-LEOPOLD DEMONSTRATORS IN BELGIUM: A PILE OF STONES ON THE MAIN LIÈGE-BRUSSELS LINE.



BRUSSELS DURING THE TENSE DAYS WHICH FOLLOWED THE KING'S RETURN AND PRECEDED HIS PROMISE TO ABDICATE: A CROWD OF ANTI-LEOPOLD DEMONSTRATORS HELD IN CHECK BY POLICE.

King Leopold of the Belgians, accompanied by Crown Prince Baudouin and Prince Albert, on July 22 returned to Belgium after an exile of six years, and handed to the Chairman of the House of Representatives and to the Chairman of the Senate a message to Parliament in which he reaffirmed his desire to reign in a constitutional manner. The Royal return was the signal for an outbreak of violent demonstrations against him by the Socialists; and this may well have been exploited by Communists.

Sabotage was reported, and strikes were called. By July 27, 300,000 workers were out, and in the Liège district things were serious. People had been wounded in a demonstration outside the Royal palace at Laeken, and transport services were interrupted all over the country. On July 30, during a disturbance near Liège, police opened fire on rioters and three men were killed, and, indeed, by then the situation had become so threatening that an outbreak of civil war seemed imminent and a "march on

[Continued opposite.]



A TYPICAL SCENE OF VIOLENCE IN BRUSSELS DURING THE ANTI-LEOPOLD DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH BROKE OUT ON HIS RETURN ON JULY 22: CHAIRS ARE BEING HURLED AT THE ARMED MOUNTED POLICE FROM WINDOWS AND BALCONIES, AND STRIKERS ARE OPPOSING THEM ON THE GROUND.



THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE ANTI-LEOPOLD "MARCH ON BRUSSELS," WHICH WAS CANCELLED WHEN THE SETTLEMENT WAS REACHED ON AUGUST 1: A CONTINGENT FROM THE PROVINCES PARADING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS, UNDER THE WALLOON FLAG.

RIOTING, SABOTAGE AND A MASS MARCH: ANTI-LEOPOLD DEMONSTRATIONS IN BRUSSELS.

Continued.]

Brussels" was threatened. On the following day King Leopold agreed to accept the advice of the Government and delegate his Royal powers to Crown Prince Baudouin; and to abdicate when the heir comes of age in 1951. Further discussion continued throughout the night, and on August 1 the final decision was issued in a message from the King to the people, saying: "Since my return to Belgium I have seen

with painful regret that the passions dividing the Belgians because of my person have been accentuated rather than diminished, and that they threatened to expose the nation to a serious danger . . .", and added he had "commanded the Government and Parliament to vote, as I had previously suggested in my message of April 15, a law providing for the attribution of my rights to my son the Prince Baudouin."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE is nothing new, as the newspapers might have led one to suppose, about the recent revival of country-house visiting. The only thing that is novel is the fact that the unfortunate owners have now to show their homes to the public or close them for ever, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer has left them no other means of inhabiting them. This is hard on the owners—anyone who thinks it easy or pleasant to have a constant stream of strangers, however good-mannered and agreeable, pouring through his or her home should try the experiment for a few days—but it is good for the country, at least, so far as it enables these lovely houses to be preserved for posterity and enjoyed by those who have the good sense and taste to wish to see them. For they are part of the great material heritage of England; with our Gothic cathedrals and what the Victorian reformers left of our parish churches, the noblest and most enduring part. To allow them to decay or be destroyed would be a national crime of omission as grave as Thomas Cromwell's massacre of the monasteries or his namesake's destruction of the medieval treasures of the Church. Political and social revolutions may, in the long run, prove necessary and valuable, but a wholesale destruction of the achievements of human art is always an atrocity and disaster. It is a kind of Belsen of the spirit. For the past ten years, since we wantonly allowed our philistine War Department to wreck, without the slightest necessity, thousands of beautiful English houses—a process completed with austere and arithmetical efficiency, in the name of a somewhat sterile social justice, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his tax-gatherers—that crime against our children and our own better natures has been committed on a vast scale. Not since the enclosures destroyed sweet Auburn, and the industrialists rustic Lancashire and the beautiful valleys of the West Riding and South Wales, has such destruction been done in England. A foreign army could scarcely have done more. As nothing whatever has taken their place, the wanton waste of the thing seems all the more abominable. An historian, who knows how easily one generation condemns another, can guess only too well what posterity will say of us.

Our present Chancellor of the Exchequer—a cultured and enlightened, if very austere, one—has taken a first, though frighteningly belated, step in the right direction. The Gowers Report and a just and broad-minded attitude by the Inland Revenue authorities towards receipts from payments for admission to historic mansions, allows a faint hope of an eleventh-hour reprieve for such of our great houses as have not been ruined and laid waste beyond repair. The revival of our ancestors' habit of visiting country houses—and in the best of causes—reflects credit on the good taste of the public and the good sense of the public authorities. Two generations ago, as readers of Austen's amusing "Voces Populi" will recall, it was still a common practice, for the Victorian middle classes, though they had little love for beauty, had a great love for lords, and many of these places were still inhabited by lords. And on visiting-days there was always a chance of catching a glimpse of a real lord or lady hastily flitting as the butler, with his train of gaping bourgeois, entered the Blue Drawing Room or the Circular Saloon. By the end of the nineteenth century the growing desire of the rich for privacy, and the even more rapidly growing

indifference of the populace towards blue blood, had more or less brought this ancient social ritual to an end. The educated public ceased to visit country houses; they went to golf-courses and seaside beaches instead. In an earlier age, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for instance, the habit of visiting these living museums of architecture, painting, sculpture and the domestic arts, had been even more widespread. Every guide-book of the Regency period is full of references to the country houses of the neighbourhood and the good things—by the standards of our elegant forbears—to be seen there. Lulworth Castle, now a gutted shell, we are told in "A Guide to all the Watering Places of England and Wales"—1815 edition—"is a constant object of attraction to strangers . . . ; a superb pile adorned with statuary,

country houses in this way; at Mount Edgcombe, where he had the misfortune to arrive on a non-view day—"not the day of admittance"—a note to the noble owner brought in return what he describes as "a refinement of politeness"; a message that he and his friends were welcome, the provision of a key and the free run of the grounds without a guide. Usually visitors had to pay for the privilege of admission and a great deal more than they pay to-day. The receipts did not go to the owners of the houses, who in those days were in little need of them, but to their retainers, guides, servants and gardeners. "The domestics of these noble houses," Simond writes, "are generally as obsequious as innkeepers, and for the same reasons." At Blenheim, Simond and his party were overtaken by a gardener, "who came after us *au grand galop* mounted on an ass to direct our attention to particular spots and get his 2s. 6d. On the limits of his jurisdiction, the park, he delivered us over to another cicerone, an old servant, who descanted on the amphitheatre." In the house itself half-a-dozen more voluble domestics took their toll. The aged housekeeper of Warwick Castle—a great place of pilgrimage—was said to have left £20,000 behind her from fees acquired in this way.

Those who wish to see the country houses of England and their almost incredible wealth of treasures—their ancient avenues, paintings and statues, exquisite and infinitely varied furniture, china, silver, glass, books and bindings, carpets and tapestries, have nothing like the immense range of opportunity enjoyed by the contemporaries of Louis Simond. The country houses of England have been literally decimated in the past decade. But some of the loveliest still remain: a joy and education for every lover of the beautiful and of the great artistic achievements of our countrymen. One, recently opened, and of which—though less than an hour's drive from London—I have seen little notice, is Albury Park, nestling in its great beeches below Newlands Corner and the North Downs, and close to the beautiful Surrey village of Shere. Here a great châteline who has already, with infinite learning and patience, catalogued the treasures of Syon and Alnwick Castles, Helen; Duchess of Northumberland, has prepared a brochure describing the treasures to be seen—the Soho tapestries from old Northumberland House, the Adam and Flaxman chimney-pieces, the pictures by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, Turner, Zoffany, Allan Ramsay, Dobson, Lely, Kneller, Snyders, Rubens, Canaletto and Nattier, the contemporary sketches of Wellington and Napoleon, the eighteenth-century furniture, the Chinese, Sèvres, Meissen, Chelsea, Bow, Worcester and Staffordshire porcelain. Outside in the beautiful gardens, originally laid out by the father of English classical gardening, John Evelyn, are some of the grandest trees in the country and some of the

rarest, and, beyond its enchanting stream—the Surrey countryside gliding through the eighteenth century—a quarter-of-a-mile yew walk and a crowning grass terrace which Cobbett, a discerning judge, pronounced the most beautiful thing in the gardening way he had ever seen. It is still there, preserved with loving care, in the teeth of immense difficulties, by its present holder and guardian, and part of the permanent and, for those who wish to see it, visible heritage of England.



OTTAWA PAYS ITS LAST TRIBUTE TO MR. MACKENZIE KING: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF THE GREAT CANADIAN STATESMAN AND LIBERAL LEADER LEAVING PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON ITS WAY TO ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ON JULY 26.

The body of Mr. Mackenzie King, the great Canadian Liberal leader and Prime Minister of the Dominion for twenty-one years (whose death occurred on July 22), lay in state in the Hall of Fame, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, on July 25. On July 26 the remains were taken in procession to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, where he had worshipped for over fifty years, for the funeral service, and then went by special train to Toronto for burial in the family plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery on July 27. Huge crowds lined the streets as the cortège passed on its way, and those who walked in it included the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, and members of the Cabinet, who also went with other mourners to Toronto. The pew which Mr. Mackenzie King always occupied in St. Andrew's Church was draped in black, and the congregation of over a thousand included H.E. the Governor-General, Lord Alexander, and Lady Alexander, the Prime Minister, representatives of the Corps Diplomatique, the Judiciary, the Churches and public men from many parts of the Dominion. The lessons were read by the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

paintings, fine gardens and other elegant and beautiful accompaniments. The environs are extremely well-wooded, and happily intersected by hill and dale. From the south front . . . is seen a beautiful expanse of water and a moving scene of ships. . . . The pictures and other works of art are too numerous to particularise, and they may be seen every Wednesday from ten to two." Louis Simond, a highly intelligent French émigré from the United States, who visited England in 1810 and 1811, inspected hundreds of

THE OPENING OF AN OCEAN TERMINAL WITHOUT RIVAL: THE PRIME MINISTER AT SOUTHAMPTON.



IN THE NEW OCEAN TERMINAL: MR. ATTLEE UNVEILING A PLAQUE AT THE OPENING. (LEFT) LORD HURCOMB, CHAIRMAN OF THE TRANSPORT COMMISSION.



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GANGWAYS OLD AND NEW: BELOW, THE OLD-STYLE GANGWAY; ABOVE, THE LIGHT TELESCOPIC GANGWAY OF THE NEW OCEAN TERMINAL.



A FEATURE OF THE NEW TERMINAL IS THE LUXURIOUS WAITING ACCOMMODATION ON THE FIRST FLOOR. THIS IS THE 201-FT.-LONG CABIN-CLASS WAITING-HALL.

In our last issue we gave a double-page diagrammatic drawing of the new and luxurious Ocean Terminal at Southampton and described the scale of its equipment and the nature of its amenities. Here we show some photographs of this magnificent "front door to Britain," which has been completed at an estimated cost of £750,000, and which occupies almost the full length of the east side of the ocean dock used by many of the world's largest liners. For the opening ceremony, which was performed by the Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, on July 31, the world's greatest liner, the



PART OF THE FIRST-CLASS WAITING-HALL, SHOWING SOME OF THE AMENITIES, INCLUDING POST OFFICE, BOOKSTALL, WRITING-ROOM, TELEPHONES; AND MANY OTHERS, NOT SHOWN.

Queen Elizabeth, was moored alongside and the guests at the ceremony were entertained at luncheon on board at the invitation of Mr. F. A. Bates, chairman of the Cunard Steam-Ship Company, Ltd. To reach the great liner, they passed through one of the most interesting of the terminal's innovations, the telescopic gangway. Three pairs of these telescopic gangways, each made of light alloy, connect the terminal with the ship alongside. They are electrically operated, easily adjustable and, when not in use, fold back neatly against the building.

THE FIRST MANIFESTATION OF THE GLORY OF GREECE.

"MYCENÆ: AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL HISTORY AND GUIDE": BY ALAN J. B. WACE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

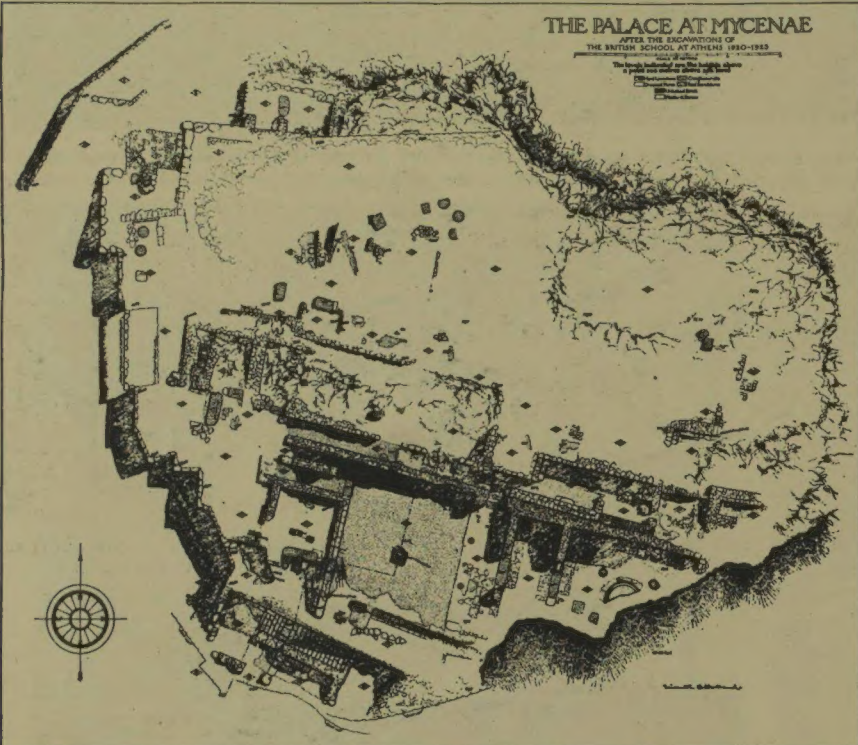
"THIS book is intended as an introduction to Mycenæ and its civilisation, and though Homeric illustrations are quoted, its main concern is the accurate description of archaeological facts." It has been a long time in the delivery. The author, twenty-seven years ago, promised the Princeton Press a volume based on lectures he had delivered at that pleasantest of Universities. "The writing of the book was begun forthwith. Many circumstances, however, combined to delay it, especially the pressure of daily work and the necessity of discharging the prior obligation of completing the publication of the report of the Mycenæ excavations, a task which was not achieved until 1932. In the meantime many fresh discoveries were made, involving a change not only of plan, but also of ideas, and it was essential that I should study them on the spot in Greece before venturing to put forth this book. Not until 1939 was I able to revisit Greece for this purpose and to resume excavations at Mycenæ. The results of these researches have been embodied in

dim view, and quite justifiably, of official German and French policies; but he did his best, as an honest and charming man, and his honesty sometimes not merely astonished but convinced the "natives." But what would this very typical Victorian scholar and gentleman think of the present situation, with the sky darkened by a terrific explosive power which may blow into nothingness the Kremlin, the Acropolis, Peking, Florence, Rome, Stonehenge (after its long survival) and Mycenæ?

I look at the pictures here of mugs and jugs and vases and frescoes, and altars and ivory groups, thousands of years old. I admire the painful plans in which are reconstructed the lay-outs of houses and districts. And I read the book (which, in Macaulay's phrase, might have been considered light reading in the days of Hilpa and of Shalum—though he was talking of voluminousness and I refer merely to intensity of texture): and encounter passages like this: "The upper part of this flight is roofed with horizontal slabs which are laid in three downward steps and the rest has the characteristic late Mycenaean inverted V-roof constructed on the cantilever principle. The passage here is about 1.60 m. wide, and at the top of the steps about two metres high, but at the bottom is more than four metres high. The steps are 0.20 to 0.30 metres deep, and about 0.18 high, and, like the walls, are all covered with a thick coat of hard, watertight stucco, which has a fine, smooth upper layer laid over a rather coarse backing. At the bottom is a rectangular shaft about 1.60 m. by 0.70 m. cut down into the rock with a ledge (about one metre wide) on the far side. The shaft is about five metres deep and the roof is about five metres above the rock ledge. In the roof is a rectangular opening packed with stones to serve as a kind of filter, which is the lower end of another but smaller shaft about three metres deep. Into it runs from the north a water-channel of terracotta pipes, so made as to fit neatly into each other with a collar." And I rejoice that, in a time of such turmoil, there are still historians and pre-historians (myself, I draw no line between them) who still pursue their studies of the buried past, even though they know that the seven cities of Troy, which Schliemann brought to light, might be blown into dust and soar to the sky in one mushroom of smoke.

Of the Treasury of Atreus, Mr. Wace says: "That unknown master of the Bronze Age who conceived and created it was as bold a designer and as able an engineer as any great architect of historic times. His artistic instinct planned the perfect proportions. His engineering skill calculated thrusts and stresses and how to counteract them, and with his knowledge of materials brought the great design to triumphant conclusion. Archaeology here leads us to a fuller appreciation of a true artist." That old and greatest Mycenæ—whose wealth, Mr. Wace suggests, may have been based on deposits of copper, for he can conjecture no other source—was destroyed by fire towards the end of the Bronze Age, about the time of the Dorian Invasion. Twice she rose again. "But her greatness and her riches had gone for ever. Her fame and her achievements, however, endure for all time, imperishable monuments of the genius of her rulers and her people, the first manifestation of the glory of Greece."

The study of European history is a melancholy business for people whose hearts are in Europe. From the dawn of recorded time, in this small peninsula at the west end of the great Old World Mass, the most "advanced" peoples have been at each other's throats when they ought to have been uniting against the perennial danger from the East. Mycenæ was destroyed: but by Greeks: Knossos also went. Thucydides, beyond doubt the greatest of all historians, is a saddening recorder of domestic strife. The Eastern Empire, long a bastion against the Turks, was, during its long struggle, mainly neglected, and once even



THE PALACE OF MYCENÆ: A PLAN AFTER THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS, 1920-23. Mycenæ is one of the most celebrated of Greek cities. Its mythological associations with the labours of Heracles, its legendary connection with Perseus and the House of Atreus, and its Homeric fame as the stronghold of Agamemnon (whom Mr. Wace, author of the book reviewed on this page, believes to have been a historical character who flourished c.1200 B.C. at Mycenæ) have made its name familiar to everyone.

this work, which has been once again completely recast. Lastly, the outbreak of the war caused still further delay." The war caused not merely delay but damage. In the Nauplia Museum there was a stratified record of pottery, dug up from 1920 onwards. The place was used as an air-raid shelter; the exhibits were jumbled together on the floor; the record is lost.

Interest in Mycenæ as an archaeological site did not begin yesterday, or in the 1870's, when Schliemann astonished the world with his discoveries. Pausanias, between whom and Agamemnon (whom Mr. Wace regards as a real man and no mere myth) there was almost as great a gap of years as lies between ourselves and that gossiping traveller, stood in wonder before the remains of Mycenæ, much as a modern man may stand; we, with our tendency to telescope the past, tend to forget that the "ancient" Greeks and Romans also had their dim antiquity behind them. "The Argives," writes Pausanias, "destroyed Mycenæ from jealousy. For when the Argives remained inactive during the Persian invasion, the Mycenæans sent to Thermopylae eighty men who joined the Lacedæmonians in the campaign. This act of ambition brought destruction upon them, for it provoked the Argives. Other parts of the wall are still preserved, as well as the gate over which lions stand. These also, they say, are the work of the Cyclopes, who built the wall for Proteus in Tiryns. In the ruins of Mycenæ there is a fountain called Perseia and underground buildings of Atreus and his sons, where their treasures were. There is a tomb of Atreus, and there are also tombs of all those whom Ægisthus murdered on their return from Troy after entertaining them to a banquet. The Lacedæmonians who live round Amyklai dispute the tomb of Cassandra. Another is the tomb of Agamemnon, one of Eurymedon the charioteer, and one of Teledamus and Pelops—for they say Cassandra gave birth to these twins, and that while they were still infants Ægisthus killed them with their parents—and one of Electra." Those monuments and the names associated with them were as remote from Pausanias as King Arthur (also, as I shall always maintain, a real man) is from us. But Pausanias and his contemporaries had not discovered the art of scientific digging: any more than they had discovered the art of scientific destruction.

We have discovered both: if the atom bomb really is let loose on the world at large a strange thing may happen: it may be that, after catastrophe and collapse, the monuments of the far past of civilised man, excavated in our time in Greece, Egypt, Assyria and elsewhere, may have been blown into smithereens and knowledge of them may be obtainable only from printed books. Had our enemies in the last war possessed the atom bomb, can it be doubted that, when the Greeks were putting up their very stout resistance, Athens would have "had it," and the glories sprinkled over the Acropolis would be there no more. And now that our strategists are wondering what is to be done if the gang in Moscow forces us into a war, an atom bomb on the Kremlin is suggested. I am not a fifth-columnist or a fellow-traveller: but the notion of that hurts me. I have just been reading the life of Lord Dufferin by Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Dufferin, an able and delightful man, who was Governor-General in Canada, Viceroy in India, Ambassador all over the world; and whose grandson, also extremely able, was killed in this last war in an assault, in Burma, on Fort Dufferin. Lord Dufferin wrote in 1880 that he had just visited Moscow: "To me, who am fond of architecture, the Kremlin was an amazing delight, for it is the point where four distinct waves of architecture, converging from opposite points of the compass, have clashed up against each other into a spray of towers, minarets, pinnacles and domes. Moreover, it is the only spot in Russia I have yet reached where one can persuade oneself that the country is anything better than an abortive kind of America. At Moscow, at all events, there are historical associations as well as an auto-ethnic vitality, instead of the European varnish which is the chief characteristic of St. Petersburg."

Lord Dufferin took a very dim view of official Russian policy at that time; an equally



THE GRAVE CIRCLE AT MYCENÆ WITH FIRST STAGE OF GRANARY: A SKETCH RESTORATION BY GEORGE DEXTER AFTER PIET DE JONG.

"No other prehistoric construction," writes Mr. Alan J. B. Wace in "Mycenæ," "like the grave circle at Mycenæ has been discovered. The nearest analogies to it are the stone circles enclosing cist and pithos burials of Middle Helladic date, found by Dörpfeld in Leukas." In a footnote he points out that "The tradition recorded by Pausanias . . . that Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, as being unworthy, were buried outside the walls may be based on the knowledge that less honourable graves lay outside the walls. The whole tradition is, of course, an obvious anachronism."

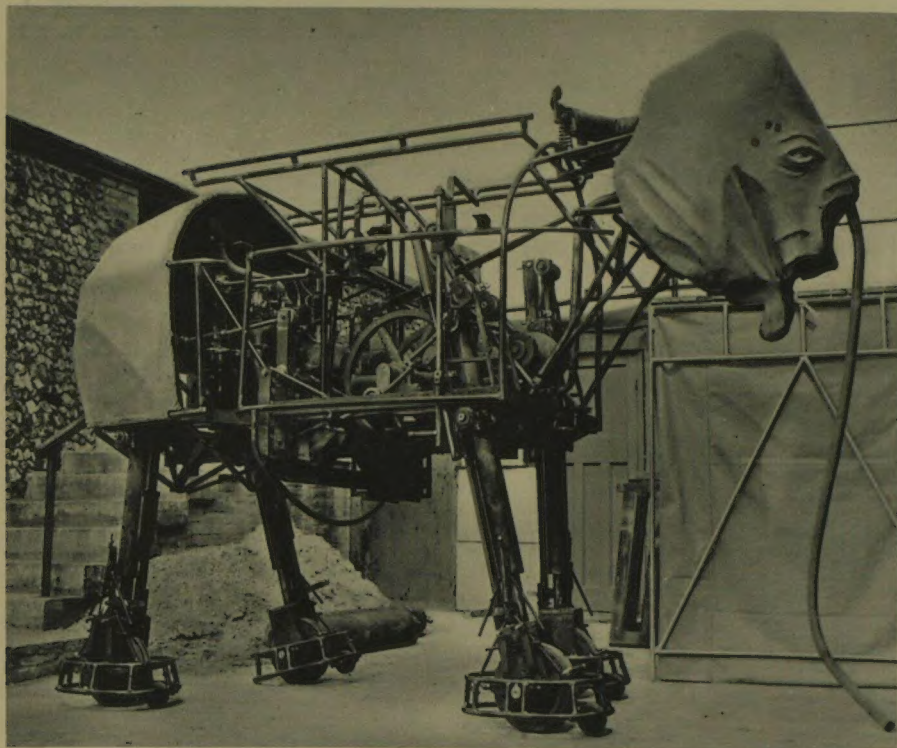
Illustrations from "Mycenæ: An Archaeological History and Guide," by Alan J. B. Wace; by Courtesy of the publishers, Princeton University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege.

(by alleged Crusaders) attacked and looted, by the West, with the result that in the sixteenth century Don John, at sea, had to win his battle of Lepanto, and, in the seventeenth, John Sobieski, on land (the Poles have served Europe better than Europe has served the Poles) had to stem the Turkish tide outside the walls of Vienna. If we are not careful, and do not sink our petty jealousies and ambitions, we may find ourselves where Mycenæ is: rubble to be excavated and bones to be unearthed, classified, put into a museum, and then, perhaps, thrown into confusion because of air raids (of a kind unconjecturable by us) in the year 3000 A.D. "Alas, unconscious of their doom, The little victims play" comes constantly into one's mind as one surveys the European quarrelsome past, with the Persians, the Northern Tribes, the Huns, the Moors, the Tartars and the Turks in turn almost succeeding in over-running our continent and obliterating all our past. Some of the little victims are in thrall at this moment; it behoves the rest of them to work together: if they don't, they must console themselves by thinking that, later on, archaeologists from Mars may make conjectural reconstructions of their ways of living and be surprised at their so early prowess at engineering, sanitation and central heating.

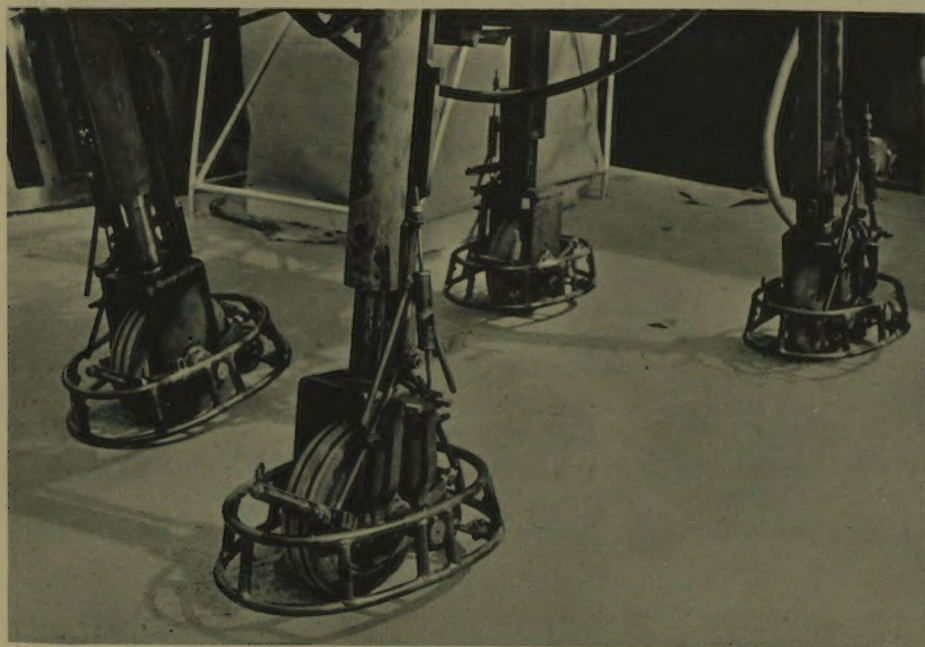
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 260 of this issue.

* "Mycenæ: An Archaeological History and Guide." By Alan J. B. Wace. 110 Illustrations and Maps. (Princeton University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 120s.)

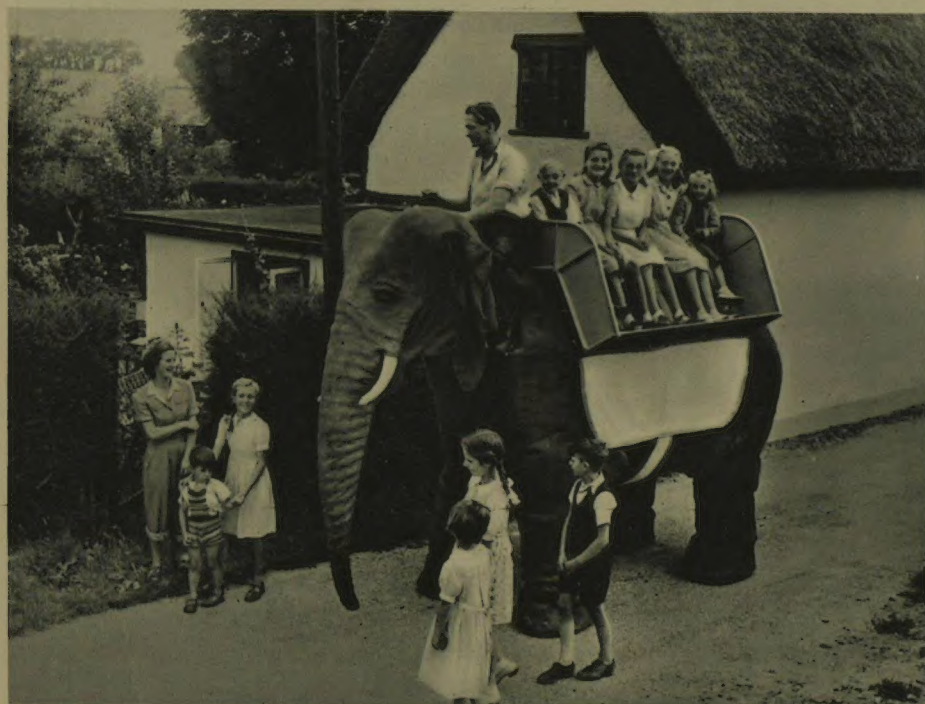
WITH A PAPER HIDE AND STEEL BONES: A PETROL-DRIVEN ELEPHANT.



THE STEEL SKELETON OF THE ONLY MAN-MADE WALKING ELEPHANT: IT IS POWERED BY A PETROL ENGINE AND HAS A SPEED OF 27 M.P.H. THE TRUNK IS THE EXHAUST.



ILLUSTRATING THE ELABORATE MECHANISM WHICH MOVES THE ROBOT ELEPHANT: A CLOSE-UP OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FEET.

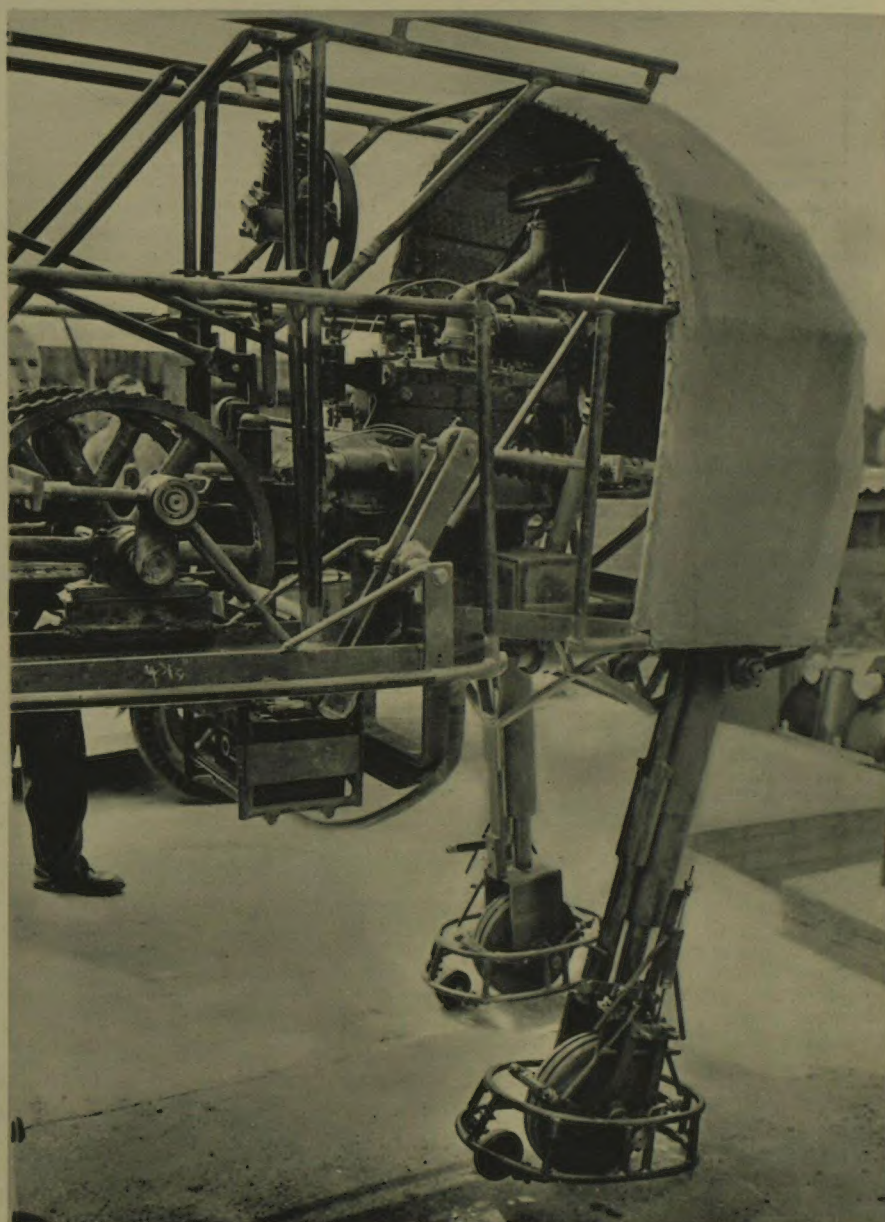


WITH A "MAHOUT" AND YOUNG RIDERS IN THE HOWDAH: THE MECHANICAL ELEPHANT ON THE ROAD. IT HAS THREE FORWARD GEARS AND REVERSE.

The world's first man-made walking elephant has been completed and, on July 28, walked the roads of Essex with a load of children in its howdah. This robot "Jumbo" is a remarkable invention by Mr. Frank Stuart, a theatrical mask-maker and scenic-artist. Two years ago, when watching donkeys on the sands at the seaside, the idea came to him, and it has now materialised triumphantly. He began by building a steel skeleton, the size of a full-grown elephant, and mounted a 10-h.p. petrol engine



SHOWING THE LIFE-LIKE EFFECT OF THE MECHANICAL ELEPHANT: AN ACTION PICTURE. ITS HEAD IS ADMIRABLY MODELLED AND ITS TUSKS HIGHLY CONVINCING.



SHOWING HOW THE PETROL ENGINE WHICH DRIVES IT IS MOUNTED: THE REAR PORTION OF THE ELEPHANT BEFORE IT HAD BEEN COVERED WITH "HIDE."

within. This operates the feet by means of elaborate mechanism and the animal can attain a speed of 27 m.p.h. and has a special licence to use the roads. Over 9000 parts were used in its construction, and the cost exceeded £1000. The entire mechanism is covered with a "hide" of 1/4-in.-thick specially toughened paper, and the admirable modelling of the head and trunk (used as the exhaust pipe) and the convincing tusks may be seen in our photographs.



RACING BEFORE THE WIND WITH SPINNAKERS SET: THREE LOVELY YACHTS OF THE 10-25-TON CRUISING CLASS PASSING *VANGUARD* DURING THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S RACING DURING COWES WEEK (AUGUST 1). FOREGROUND WITH DARK SAILS, *ST. BARBARA*.



THE OPENING OF COWES WEEK: A GENERAL VIEW OF CRUISING YACHTS PASSING THE GREAT BATTLESHIP, H.M.S. *VANGUARD*. THE OPENING DAY—WHEN THE REGATTA GIVEN BY THE ROYAL SOUTHAMPTON YACHT CLUB—WAS MARKED BY A LIGHT AND STEADY SOUTH-WESTERLY BREEZE.

THE WHITE SAILS OF COWES WEEK: THE OPENING OF YACHTING'S MOST POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE OCCASION.

Cowes Week—the most popular of all the year's yachting events—opened on July 29 with the Royal Southampton Y.C.'s regatta, in which 118 vessels took part. Although there was a light, steady, south-westerly breeze, racing was affected by the strong tide. For the racing on Monday, July 31, provided by the Royal London Y.C., conditions would have been perfect if there had been a little more weight in the wind. Two hundred vessels took part and notable victories were those of *Circe*, in the International 6-metre class, *Blue Skies*, in the International Dragon class, *Blue Water*,

in the National Swallow class, and *Tarpon*, in the Redwing class. On Tuesday, August 1, began the four days' racing of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with some racing by the Royal London Yacht Club. Wind varied during the Tuesday, but falling in the afternoon, produced some very tight finishes. In the handicap event for vessels over 25 tons, there were fifteen starters, from the lower limit up to the 147-ton ketch *Thendara*. *Zoraida*, sailing in this race, was built as long ago as 1888 and received an hour's allowance. The race was won by Mr. Orson Wright's *Arlette*.



THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND, HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO CELEBRATED
HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY ON AUGUST 4.

This fine colour photograph of the Queen is a portrait which expresses that combination of majesty, grace and charm which characterises her. Queen Elizabeth was born on August 4, 1900, at St. Paul's, Walden Bury, Hertfordshire, the English home of her father, the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, a Scottish peer in whose veins ran the blood of the Scottish King Robert II. Congratulations on the Queen's

fiftieth anniversary poured in from every part of the Commonwealth and from foreign lands, and these good wishes were not only expressions of loyalty to the consort of King George VI., but personal tributes to a lady whose charm, kindness and spontaneous grace endear her to everyone who comes into contact with her, and are felt by all who listen to her voice, whether when in her presence or over the radio.

From a Colour Photograph by Cecil Beaton.



"HERA"—THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN, AND OF THE LATE SUMMER GARDEN—PERHAPS THE FINEST AND LOVELIEST OF HARDY NERINES.

The Nerines are all South African bulbs, and the majority of them, like so many South African bulbs, are not hardy in this country. But the hybrids of *Nerine bowdeni* are hardy, and their loveliness, especially coming as it does at the end of summer, is really breath-taking. Probably the loveliest of the hybrids are the two raised by a Mr. Rose, of Oxford, some thirty years ago—"Hera," three blooms of which are shown here, and her sister, "Aurora." Both were shown at the Royal Horticultural Society in 1920, at the same show, and both received a First Class Certificate. At their first appearance they created a sensation; but since then

they have been little grown and seldom exhibited. But doubtless many gardeners are growing them and treasuring their beauty to themselves. Despite the family's reputation, they are completely hardy and steadily prolific. The three examples of "Hera" we show came from Mr. Clarence Elliott's garden, and on the same day he cut about thirty other heads in the same condition, all the progeny of a single bulb acquired in the early 'twenties. Large though the flowerheads appear in our illustration, they are even larger in real life and are firmly yet gracefully carried on thoroughly robust stalks.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT seems a little incongruous that such inveterate xerophytes as the Nerines, plants which batten on complete drought and the fiercest sun-baking during six months of

the year, should be named after a water nymph. Doubtless, however, the lady indulged in sun bathing, between swims, and doubtless she, like the Nerines, was a smashing beauty. Moreover, when the Nerines do break their thirst, they like their water good and plenty. The name, therefore, is not wholly inappropriate for these glorious South African bulbs.

THE HARDY NERINES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

I leave from a third to a quarter of the bulb above ground-level. Once planted they may be left undisturbed for five or six or more years. The bulbs increase steadily, and in time become very congested, eventually building up into a solid mound above ground-level. But within limits the more crowded they become the better they seem to flower. Eventually, if they begin to degenerate, the clumps may be dug up, separated and replanted. Although it is usual to plant *N. bowdenii* close up to the foot of a wall, I do not think that this is essential. I know one border, filled with *bowdenii* to a width of 4 or 5 ft.

raised. Both received the First Class Certificate, and that for two hardy bulbs on the same occasion is a very rare thing. Never had such Nerines been seen before. With exceptionally tall and robust stems, they carried immense trusses of blossom, "Hera" a rich cherry-red, and "Aurora," equally rich and telling in a somewhat different tone which is difficult to define. In size and stature they suggested an Agapanthus, an analogy which occurred to many minds at the time. Looking back over the years, a few plant "premieres" stand out vividly in my mind. The first appearance of *Anchusa Dropmore* shown by Pritchard at a Temple Show, Veitch's first exhibit of the great yellow *Meconopsis integrifolia*, also at a Temple, Bakers' first breath-taking exhibit of Russell lupins, and *Nerine* "Hera" and *N. "Aurora"*; and those two left as vivid and thrilling an impression on my mind—as vivid now as twenty years ago—as any plant novelty that I can remember. Some years later I was given a bulb each of "Hera" and "Aurora," and for a year or two I grew them in pots in an unheated greenhouse. Later, when I had a few bulbs to play with, I planted some out in the open, under the west wall of my house. There they grew, flowered, and increased far better than they had under glass, and they proved perfectly hardy, as hardy as their seed parent, *N. bowdenii*. Satisfied on the point of hardiness, I soon had my whole stock of both varieties planted in the open, and to-day, even in this cold part of the Cotswolds, I still grow them as hardy open-air bulbs. Unfortunately disaster befell "Aurora" during our migration from Hertfordshire in the terrible winter of 1946-47, and I lost many bulbs. But those which survived are doing well, and increasing steadily. So sure am I becoming of the complete hardiness of both *Nerine bowdenii* and the two hybrids, "Hera" and "Aurora," that I have planted a few of each in an open flower border, far from the benefit of any wall. If the experiment is successful in proving that wall protection is unnecessary, it will add greatly to the usefulness of *N. bowdenii* and its offspring, for not every garden has available space at the foot of sheltered walls.

Last autumn I exhibited a little group of thirty or so heads of *Nerine* x "Hera" at the R.H.S. and



WITH THE "MOPS DOGS," SOPHIA AND CYRIL, MOUNTING GUARD IN THE LARDER WINDOW BEHIND: *NERINE BOWDENII*, BLOOMING DELIGHTFULLY, IN THEIR SECOND SEASON, "IN PURE GRAVEL PATH" IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN.

Photograph by P. E. Pritchard.

For purely garden purposes the Nerines fall roughly into two groups—*Nerine bowdenii* and its hybrids—and the others, the others being several distinct species such as *N. fothergillii*, and a whole race of brilliant hybrids. All these "others" are grown in pots and treated as not-quite-hardy cool greenhouse plants. They flower in late summer and autumn, and after flowering they produce leaves. Later, in spring or early summer, the leaves go off, and the plants are dried off and kept bone-dry until buds begin to push up again in autumn, when the plants are again watered. That, roughly, is the routine for *Nerine fothergillii* and the hybrids, and for such supremely lovely flowers it's delightfully easy and simple. For anyone who has an airy greenhouse from which frost is just excluded, few plants give such brilliant and enchanting returns, and for bringing into the house they are ideal, for the flowers last well.

Nerine bowdenii is quite distinct in its habits from "the others." In the first place it is hardy, quite and absolutely reliably hardy, though many folk find it hard to believe that such an exotic-looking flower does not require just a little cossetting. Also it is distinct in its manner of growth. Instead of losing its leaves after flowering and then insisting on sun-bathing and drought all summer, *Nerine bowdenii* remains in leaf and active growth all the summer through, and is still in full leaf at flowering-time in September. In a severe winter its leaves may be cut by frost. But no apparent harm is done, and on the return of spring a forest of fresh leaves appears and the bulbs become busy, increasing in size and throwing off numerous offset bulbs.

Nerine bowdenii is usually planted at the foot of a wall, and it seems to make little or no difference whether the wall faces south or west. Probably there is a best, a proper and conventional time for planting *bowdenii*, but I have no idea when that time is. I have lifted, divided and replanted my bulbs at almost all times of year except in winter, and have never noticed any difference in results. Five or six inches apart is a good distance to plant, and the bulbs should not be completely buried.

from the wall that backs it, and those at the front flower and flourish just as well as those near the wall. As to soil, any normal reasonably light loam will do, and I never give any manure. The *N. bowdenii* in the illustration, with the "mops dogs" Sophia and Cyril mounting guard in the window behind, are planted in pure gravel path, and although they were only in their second season after planting when photographed, were not doing too badly. The ordinary type *Nerine bowdenii* is a lovely thing, with soft, pure rose-pink flowers. It received an Award of Merit R.H.S. (R. Veitch) in 1904. It is astonishing that such a grand hardy plant, so easy to grow, and which increases so steadily, has not found its way into every British garden. It certainly is not *bowdenii*'s fault.

There is a variety of *Nerine bowdenii* which for long was grown at Abbotswood by the late Mr. Mark Fenwick—and by other gardeners, too. I cannot find it recorded in the R.H.S. List of Awards, but I seem to remember this variety being shown at the R.H.S. by Mr. Hanger, of Wisley, as *N. b. Fenwick's Variety* and receiving an award of merit. It may be that this happened since 1938, which is the year up to which the List of Awards is carried. But Fenwick's Variety is a greatly superior thing to the type, fine thing though the type is. It is taller and even more vigorous in growth, with finer trusses of larger, broader-petalled flowers, of a richer, deeper pink.

Although I have known and grown *Nerine bowdenii* Fenwick's Variety for some years, and although it is a very great improvement on the original type *bowdenii*, I still grow the old form, for it is an absolutely first-class hardy bulb. Fenwick's Variety is first class *de luxe*. Hardy, easy to grow, extremely floriferous, decorative when growing, and grand for cutting. What a pair! But wait. That is not all. Twenty years ago the horticultural world was shaken to its foundations—or that portion of the horticultural world which happened to be in the R.H.S. hall on a certain Tuesday in September 1930.

A Mr. Rose exhibited two Nerines, hybrids of *N. bowdenii*, "Hera" and "Aurora," which he had



ONE OF THE TWO MAGNIFICENT HARDY HYBRID NERINES OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT SPEAKS IN THIS ARTICLE: *NERINE* x *BOWDENII*, VAR. "AURORA." "AURORA" CLOSELY RESEMBLES "HERA" (ILLUSTRATED IN OUR COLOUR SUPPLEMENT), BUT IS OF A SUBTLY DISTINCT COLOUR.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

it was from some of these that the colour photograph was taken. It gives a very good idea of "Hera's" grace and colour, but being, so to speak, a studio portrait, there is little to give scale, and suggest the outstanding stature and size.

During the twenty years since "Hera" and "Aurora" made their debut they must surely have found their way into many gardens. To any who are so fortunate as to possess them, I would say, don't grow them in pots. Take your courage in both hands—and your trowel in another—and plant them out forthwith.

THE invasion of South Korea in June was disturbing from the first, but it was not until the campaign had been in progress for several days that its possible implications began to come home to the world in general. Realisation of potential danger was to a large extent due to revelation of the scale on which Soviet Russia had equipped and trained the forces of the smallest and humblest of the satellites. Then it became apparent that the resources of the United States immediately available were likely to be boxed-up to a perilous extent for a considerable time. Commentators in the United States—the optimistic ones who did not subscribe to the view then widely current that the Americans would be driven out of the country—estimated that the campaign would not be over this year. And the defence of South Korea represents about one-fiftieth of the task which would have to be performed if another world war were to break out. As a result, those who had at first concluded that Russia's action was an experiment in bull-baiting were soon wondering whether it might not be a first step in a planned aggression. If it were, they decided, it was well planned so far. It afforded Russia wide opportunity for action elsewhere, if that were what she sought.

The reactions of the United States Government were instructive from this point of view. President Truman and his advisers obviously considered that there was a big risk of the conflict spreading beyond Korea, because measures which have been suggested, or have even been taken already, were more drastic than Korea alone would have called for. A request for very large additional funds for defence may reach Congress before the middle of this month. A number of men are to be called up for the armed forces. It was announced that a great motor corporation was resuming the production of tanks. These precautions did not mean that a world war was held to be imminent, but they did imply that the risk had increased and that the aggression in Korea carried out by Russia at second-hand was considered ominous. Even if it did not portend the worst, it might be the forerunner of another enterprise of a similar character at some other point. Previously, 1954 was taken as the critical year for the States of the Atlantic Treaty. Now the critical time has been brought nearer. At the same time, the American Government considered the possibility of increasing aid to the Atlantic Treaty countries, and \$4,000,000,000 was mentioned as the sum which might be apportioned to them. It was also believed that they could increase their own military expenditure without ruining themselves.

The situation as it stands in Europe to-day is fantastic. In Western Germany there are approximately seven divisions—two British, two American and three French. Four more French divisions in their own country would be quickly available, but it is not certain either that the two in North Africa could reach the scene of action in time or that they could be spared in totality. How long it would take to mobilise a dozen Territorial divisions in the United Kingdom I cannot estimate; but they would be only partially trained, and the present year, in which they are only just receiving their first contingent of National Service men, would be the most unfavourable for their employment. Before the Korean war there were believed to be about ten divisions in the United States. It might be a matter of months before American forces with their equipment could reach Europe, and before they did so a war on the Continent would have already been decided. The Belgian and Dutch contingents would be small in the first instance.

In the air the situation is slightly more favourable, without being satisfactory. What is even more important, there need be no such delay in the movement of American air forces to Britain as in the case of American land forces to the Continent. In part, but not wholly, British and American air forces are equipped with modern aircraft of excellent performance. The trouble is that there are not nearly enough of them, though the deficiency is not so grave as in land forces. People talk vaguely about a world war, if it should occur, being fought between Western machinery and Eastern man-power; but wars still demand man-power to meet man-power. I have been accused of underrating air power. I recognise its immense importance, but I see no signs as yet that it can win a war "on its own." In Korea, since the first few days of the struggle, the American air forces have been predominant, while the infantry has been completely outnumbered. The support given by the air forces to those of the land has been invaluable, as I have pointed out in previous articles, but it has not prevented the latter from being hustled about. What would happen if Russian troops were met in a similar superiority?

I will not deal to-day with naval prospects, except to say that the chief problem would be that of Russian submarines, and later, perhaps, aircraft, and that the Western Powers would probably be pinched for resources to wage the anti-submarine war. To return to land power, there

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE DEFENCE OF FREEDOM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

would at present be something like eleven Allied divisions immediately available for the defence of Western Europe. It has been stated that the original aim was the creation of a force of about thirty-five divisions for this purpose. On the other hand, Russia could throw against the Allies some sixty divisions at the start, and possesses peacetime effectives of 4,000,000 men or more. Her reserve strength is incalculable—theoretically over 20,000,000—though I do

WHAT NAPOLEON REALLY LOOKED LIKE.



A PORTRAIT CERTIFIED IN CONTEMPORARY NOTES BY OFFICERS OF HIS STAFF TO BE A TRUE LIKENESS OF THE EMPEROR: DETAIL OF "NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S. BELLEROPHON": BY SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, P.R.A. (1793-1865). JUST ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, has, through the generosity of Sir James Caird, acquired the well-known important historical painting of "Napoleon on Board H.M.S. Bellerophon"; the Emperor as he presented himself at the gangway of H.M.S. Bellerophon in Plymouth Sound, in the month of August 1815" (101½ by 71 ins.), which Sir Charles Eastlake made when a young man in his early twenties, from sketches he had taken rapidly when hovering round Bellerophon in a small boat. It will be remembered that we published a reproduction of the whole painting in our issue of July 15 just before the work came up for sale at Sotheby's by the order of Lord Clinton, whose grandfather purchased it from the Plymouth Library in 1824. The portrait is certified to be a true likeness of the Emperor in contemporary notes by officers on Napoleon's staff, countersigned by Captain Frederick Maitland, R.N., captain of Bellerophon, which were sold with the painting. Three letters referring to the picture, one from the artist, dated 1851, the second from the Earl of Rosebery, dated 1901, and a copy of a letter dated 1870 from the then Lord Clinton were also sold with it. It is well known through Charles Turner's mezzotint.

not suppose that she is capable of arming or supplying a force of anything like this strength. Her war industries are working at a high rate, as are those of her satellites, especially perhaps Czechoslovakia. The contrast is startling.

What are its causes? First must come, in fairness to the Allied Governments, general and genuine weakness, industrial and financial, due to the strain of war and which could in no case have been repaired within the time which has been available. Secondly, errors in policy. The most important of these have been unwise allotment of the resources of the United Kingdom and France. It was rightly decided in both countries that economic restoration must be given a high place in the programme. If it were not, the economic and industrial weakness of both nations would prove crippling, even though they might have for the moment more arms in their hands. Communism, already dangerously spread in France, would extend

further—instead of declining slightly, as it has—and establish itself more firmly in Britain, where it has not taken deep root. This belief, however, highly popular with Governments and electorates, has been accorded undue prominence, to the detriment of defence. It would be of small benefit to these countries that their peace industries were flourishing, their exports high, their social standards high, if they were destined to be overrun by hordes of tanks and infantry and all that they had created were to fall to a strongly-armed aggressor with a lower level of civilisation.

Thirdly, there has been the hard brake of foreign commitments—above all, in Asia. This has affected France in Indo-China, where a great proportion of her professional forces have been tied down; Britain in Malaya and at Hong Kong; the United States in Japan. The brake was still not considered hard enough by Russia, and she has this summer taken in Korea a most effective step to increase its strength, at a cost to herself consisting so far mainly of arms and training provided for the North Korean Communist State. These are indeed heavy handicaps, but there has still to be added one which might perhaps have been put higher in the list. The political mechanism devised to ensure international unity, a common effort, and co-ordination in resources, has not proved successful. Undue preoccupation with national interests amounting to national selfishness has not ceased or even seriously diminished. "Abrogation of a measure of sovereignty" in the interest of peace and security has become a catch-word, but it has not become a reality. This is the first thing that the Western nations should put right. It may be difficult, but it can be handled more speedily than material measures.

To deal more particularly with our own Army, I have never lent myself to the anti-conscription campaign, because I felt sure we should not in present circumstances attain the necessary strength or provide ourselves with an adequate reserve by going back to a wholly voluntary system. I did not expect, however, that the volunteer element, which is, of course, the regular element, in the Army and Royal Air Force would fall as low as it has. It will have to be raised if existing formations are to become seasoned and battle-worthy troops and if more are to be created. Even the few we now possess are immature to a dangerously high degree, though less so than their French counterparts. This cannot be a quick process. It involves the provision of amenities for troops both at home and, where practicable, abroad which will take long to provide. Some critics of conscription argue as if increased pay were all that was needed to attract more recruits. Those who know the Services best consider this view to be incorrect. It appears to them that amenities, including those for wives and children, take as high a place, if not a higher one, in the calculations of the potential recruit. The provision of these must take time.

These things will cost money, but there will also be other heavy charges. It may be taken for granted that the wheels of warlike industry have already begun to turn faster and that the pace must increase. The Services are gravely short of modern equipment, but research, production of prototypes, and that of approved models in small quantities have not been unfruitful. We have good aircraft, a good tank in the Centurion, and other material of good design. It will be costly in money and labour to produce them on a greater scale, but we have at least the consolation that we shall in most cases not be wasting them in turning out the obsolescent. To a large extent, however, we shall for the present have to make do with the armament of the Second World War. This applies also to the United States, far richer and more up to date in industrial equipment than we are. I have little doubt that it applies also to Soviet Russia, though less to the forces which would fight in the van in the event of war, and her expenditure on war material

has been colossal.

I have long seen this situation approaching, though I had no notion what roads the approach would follow. I have often enough expressed my anxiety that matters were worsening rather than improving, and that the risk of eventual war was becoming greater rather than less. At the same time, I hold that it would be as weak as it would be fatal to despair of the prospects of preserving peace. I have spoken of the weakness on the Continent, yet, important as it is to repair this, the Continental forces probably cannot represent the primary deterrent to aggression. The greatest deterrent of all would seem to be the doubts in the minds of the Russian rulers, not as to whether they could or could not overrun Europe, but as to the final issue if the Soviet Union were to be pitted in a life-and-death struggle with the United States. Despite shocks about Korea, I believe this is still the case.

THE WAR IN KOREA: A STRANGE PRECAUTION; A FORMIDABLE WEAPON; SHELLS AND PRISONERS.



EXAMINING ENEMY AMMUNITION: A UNITED STATES OFFICER LOOKING OVER 76-MM. ROUNDS IN A CAISSON CAPTURED BY SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS SOMEWHERE IN KOREA.

ASPECTS of the terrible drama of war are illustrated by our photographs from Korea. The excellence of the Russian-made tanks and munitions with which the North Koreans are equipped is notable, and, as has been previously pointed out, guerillas wearing civilian dress and on occasion disguised as refugees with sacks purporting to contain household goods which turn out to be machine-guns, have greatly harassed the U.S. troops. The Red invaders do not, it has been reported, abide by the rules of war, and the Red Cross painted on ambulances does not serve as a protection to the wounded; thus

[Continued below.



THE NEW 3.5-IN. ROCKET LAUNCHER (BAZOOKA): A CLOSE-UP OF THIS FORMIDABLE ANTI-TANK WEAPON WHICH HAS PROVED EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL.



GUERRILLAS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES: A CONTINGENT OF PRISONERS TYPICAL OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY HARASSING THE UNITED STATES FORCES.



A PHOTOGRAPH OBTAINED THROUGH A NEW CHINA NEWS SERVICE FROM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES: IT IS DESCRIBED AS SHOWING AMERICAN PRISONERS IN PYONGYANG.



AN AMBULANCE DRIVER ERASING THE RED CROSS ON HIS VEHICLE: U.S. TROOPS HAVE FOUND THAT THIS SYMBOL OF MERCY HAS SPECIALLY ATTRACTED ATTACK.

[Continued.]

drivers prefer to erase or to cover it—as a precaution. The success achieved by the new American 3.5-in. rocket-launcher (bazooka) against enemy tanks has been considerable, and our readers will recall that we gave a full description of it in our issue of July 29. It is reported to have a battle range of 300 yards. Two American



WITH THE CAPTURED NORTH KOREAN FLAG THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM: TWO U.S. OFFICERS AND AN ARMY CHAPLAIN WHO ESCAPED AFTER BEING TRAPPED IN TAEJON.

officers and an Army chaplain who found themselves still in Taejon after its fall succeeded in rejoining their units after a perilous journey across country. The photograph from behind the enemy lines is stated to show American prisoners in the North Korean capital of Pyongyang.

THE VITAL U.S. SUPPLY PORT IN KOREA: VIEWS OF PUSAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



LOOKING NORTH AND WEST ACROSS THE NAKTONG BASIN: TYPICAL SCRUB AND HILLY COUNTRY IN THE VICINITY OF PUSAN, THE VITAL SUPPLY PORT FOR THE U.S.



LOOKING BACK FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS TOWARDS THE ISLAND OF MOUNT MAKINO: A VIEW OF THE PORT OF PUSAN, WITH SHIPPING LYING IN THE BAY.



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE PORT OF PUSAN: A VIEW OVER THE FOOTHILLS WHICH REACH TO WITHIN SOME 15 MILES OF THE TOWN, TO THE MORE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1948 BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.



SMOKING THEIR LONG PIPES WITH TYPICAL ORIENTAL CALM AND DETACHMENT: A GROUP OF SOUTH KOREAN STREET COBBLEERS AT THEIR OUTDOOR "WORKSHOP."

Pusan, a port in a remote Eastern land, is now a household word, for, as Mr. Attlee said: "The fire that has been started in distant Korea may burn down your house"—and everyone realises this. The United States forces' defence of Pusan, their vital supply port, has been watched with anxious eyes by all the Western world; and on August 1 the lines of the "defence box,"



CROWDED WITH JUNKS LADEN WITH FIREWOOD AND FISH: A VIEW OF THE OLD PORT OF PUSAN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.



BALANCING A TUB ON HER HEAD: A KOREAN WOMAN IN THE MARKET-PLACE: THE KOREANS LIVE FOR THE MOST PART IN PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS.

as the area held by United Nations troops was called, were, roughly, one mile south of Yongdok, seven miles north-west of Andong, five miles south-east of Yechon, ten miles south-west of Sangju, one mile south-east of Kwanni, seven miles north-west of Kumchon, four miles north-east of Chirye, six miles south-east of Chinju. On August 3, the U.S. troops took up their



WHAT THE UNMODERNISED PART OF PUSAN LOOKS LIKE: A CROWDED AND RAMSHACKLE COLLECTION OF THATCHED DWELLINGS, WITH NO PLANNED STREETS DIVIDING THEM.



A VIEW OVER THE FLAT NAKTONG BASIN: THIS AREA NEAR PUSAN IS IMPORTANT, AS A RAILWAY RUNS THROUGH IT TOWARDS TAEJU. THE NAKTONG IS AN ELEMENT IN THE DEFENCE LINE OF AUGUST 3.



SHOWING THE METHOD BY WHICH BABIES ARE CARRIED ABOUT: A YOUNG KOREAN MOTHER WITH HER CHILD AT THE QUAYSIDE IN PUSAN.

positions for another stand, on lines in which the Nakdong River featured prominently. The South Korean recapture of Yongdok and the bombardment of Mokpo by the Royal Navy were announced. The photographs which we reproduce on these pages were taken in 1948 by a British naval officer, and thus recent views of the country round Pusan and of the inhabitants of South

KOREA, SCENE OF U.N. RESISTANCE TO ARMED AGGRESSION: LANDSCAPE AND PEOPLE



A COUNTRY FAMILY OUTSIDE THEIR COTTAGE HOME: THE KOREANS HAVE BETTER FEATURES AND ARE TALLER THAN SOME OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MONGOLIAN RACE.



PUSAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS: ON AUGUST 1 ENEMY PRESSURE WAS HEAVY IN THE CHINJU AREA AS THE COMMUNISTS MASSED FOR THE OFFENSIVE.



HOW THE KOREAN HOUSEWIFE DOES HER SHOPPING: A SCENE IN THE STREETS OF PUSAN, WHERE OPEN-AIR STALLS ARE SET UP IN THE NARROW STREETS.

Korea. The unmodernised part of the town consists of crowded and ramshackle houses huddled together. There are no proper streets; and these conditions are typical of all villages in the neighbouring country. In winter temperatures drop to sub-zero levels, and the peasants wrap themselves up against the cold, the women in particular wearing a great variety of head-dress and costume.



AMERICAN GUNNERS IN ACTION: AN ARTILLERYMAN, SHELL IN HAND, IS ABOUT TO LOAD A HOWITZER ON A ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH KOREA. OTHER U.S. TROOPS ARE IN THE VICINITY, AND AWAY TO THE RIGHT SMOKE RISES FROM A FIERCELY BURNING FIRE.



FORCED TO LEAP FROM THEIR LORRIES AND TAKE COVER ON ACCOUNT OF A BURST OF FIRING FROM SNIPERS: AMERICAN TROOPS HALTED ON THEIR WAY THROUGH A TOWN. SNIPING BY GUERRILLAS FROM BEHIND THE LINES HAS CAUSED MANY AMERICAN CASUALTIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT LINE IN KOREA WHERE THE "DEFENCE BOX" IS BEING ASSAILED:

On August 2 the situation in Korea was still extremely grave, though the United States First Marine Division, with tanks, flame-throwers and anti-tank guns and rocket-launchers, had been landed at a Korean port on the previous day and were ready to go immediately into action. The American 1st Cavalry Division had

withdrawn from Kumchon, to prevent encirclement, and one report stated that the new defence line was but 13 miles from Taegu, the provisional South Korean capital. On August 3 the Naktong River, which runs from Pusan to the Northern front, had become the main defence line and the front had been reduced by



AN ENEMY-HELD TOWN BURNING AS THE RESULT OF ATTACK BY UNITED STATES TROOPS: THOUGH THERE ARE VILLAGES IN WHICH THE PEACEFUL KOREAN LIFE IS STILL CARRIED ON WITH ALL ITS ORIENTAL IMPASSIVITY, COUNTLESS POOR HOMES IN TOWNS AND HAMLETS HAVE BEEN RAZED TO THE GROUND.



HOW BRIDGES ARE PUT OUT OF ACTION BY TROOPS FIGHTING A DELAYING ACTION: AMERICAN ENGINEERS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION PULLING A "DAISY CHAIN" OF ANTI-TANK MINES ACROSS A BRIDGE. UNDER-SUPPORTS OF THE STRUCTURE WERE BEING PREPARED FOR BLOWING WHILE THE U.S. FORCES CROSSED OVER.

ASPECTS OF THE FIGHTING BY UNITED STATES TROOPS AGAINST UNPROVOKED AGGRESSION.

some 50 miles. A counter-attack was launched by the 24th Division to regain ground dominating the enemy-held town of Chinju. It was carried out by two columns, one of which attained its objective, but the other encountered strong opposition, and lost more than one tank. Ambushes and infiltration

continue to provide the American troops with their hardest problems. One of our photographs—that showing troops taking cover beside their lorries—illustrates a typical incident. They were riding through a South Korean town, when they were met with a sharp burst of fire from concealed snipers.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD: NEWS PICTURES OF TO-DAY AND "YESTERDAY."



A SIGHT TO DELIGHT DEAN SWIFT: A BUFFET LUNCHEON FOR HORSES, WITH CHEFS AND WAITERS, APPROPRIATELY DRESSED, AND TABLES SPREAD WITH EQUINE DELICACIES. A CURIOUS CEREMONY WHICH OPENED A RACE MEETING RECENTLY AT RANDALL PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



RUGBY SCHOOL AND RUGBY FOOTBALL 120 YEARS AGO—FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE CINEMA: FILMING "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS" ON LOCATION.

That classic novel of school life, Thomas Hughes' "Tom Brown's Schooldays," written in 1857, is now being made into a film; and some of the scenes are being filmed "on location"—at Rugby School. As readers may remember, in the early chapters occurs a description of football as then played.



AN AIRBORNE PSYCHOLOGY LABORATORY IN WHICH ALL THE REACTIONS OF THE PILOT ARE TESTED AND RECORDED: THE EQUIPMENT OF A CURRENT U.S. RESEARCH PROGRAMME. The instruments here seen record eye and body movements in the performance of routine flight tasks, reaction time under conditions of fatigue, ability of the pilot to stay within allowed flight tolerances and various other data, and are part of the equipment of a U.S. Aero-Medical Laboratory.



WITH HUMAN PORTRAITS AS ORGAN STOPS: A FAMOUS HAMBURG ORGAN RESTORED AFTER DAMAGE AND PLAYED ONCE MORE TO CELEBRATE THE BICENTENARY OF J. S. BACH. We here show the keyboard of the famous old organ in the St. Jacobi Church, Hamburg. The organ, which was originally built in 1512, was damaged during the war. It has been restored and was played again for the first time on July 28 to celebrate the bicentenary of Johann Sebastian Bach.



"SHOT UP" BY THE ENEMY ACTION OF THE WEATHER: A LIGHT AIRCRAFT AT THE PUEBLO AIRPORT, COLORADO, AFTER A STORM IN WHICH A FOOT OF HAIL FELL. After rain had been stimulated by "dry-ice" seeding in Colorado, it is reported, there was rainfall for twenty-five consecutive days, at the climax of which came a storm in which a foot of hail fell, damaging 2000 roofs, breaking 10,000 windows and, as our photograph shows, riddling a light aircraft.



MEETING THE HOLIDAY CRISIS IN GERMANY: SEASIDE TENTS WITH DOUBLE BED, THREE MEALS A DAY, THE SERVICES OF A MAID, AND ALL FOR SEVEN SHILLINGS A DAY. At Scharbeutz, on the Baltic, the summer housing shortage for holiday-makers has been ingeniously solved with a triple row of tents along the sands. Here 800 holiday-makers are housed in tents with double beds, electric lighting, service and meals; and the accommodation is reported fully booked.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NATIONAL GLIDING CONTEST: MR. P. WILLS (R.) WINNER, AND LT.-CDR. C. A. G. GOODHART, A RUNNER-UP. Mr. P. Wills won the first prize and additional awards at the National Gliding Contest in his Weihe sailplane with 869 points. Second prize went to the Royal Naval Gliding and Soaring Association, whose sailplane was flown alternately by Lieut.-Comdr. C. A. G. and Lt.-Comdr. H. C. W. Goodhart.



MR. THEODORE C. TAYLOR. A centenarian, he is still the head of the woollen manufacturing firm J. T. and J. Taylor Ltd., Batley, and goes to his office twice a week. He celebrated his 100th birthday on August 3. He was Liberal Member for the South-East Division of Lancashire from 1900-18. He is a pioneer of profit-sharing with employees.



D. B. CLOSE. On July 31 the M.C.C. announced that they had invited the nineteen-year-old Yorkshire all-rounder, Brian Close, to join the Australian tour, subject to the agreement of the Yorkshire C.C. and the Army, in which Close is doing his National Service. Close was, last year, the youngest player ever to play for England in a Test Match.



WINNER OF THE DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE RACE: MR. G. J. PALMER, A YOUNG GRAVESEND WATERMAN. The race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, held under the auspices of the Fishmongers' Company, was founded in 1714 for the livery and badge provided yearly under the will of Mr. Doggett, a comedian, in commemoration of the accession of George I. On July 31 Mr. G. J. Palmer won the race in a time of 27 min. 12 sec.



PRINCESS MARGARET AS A BRIDESMAID AT HER COUSIN'S WEDDING: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S. Princess Margaret was a bridesmaid at the wedding of her first cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone and niece of her Majesty, to Mr. Denys G. Rhodes, son of the late Major Tahu Rhodes and the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes, which was solemnised on July 31 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Their Majesties the King and Queen attended the service.



MADAME SUGGIA, THE FAMOUS 'CELLIST, WHO HAS DIED IN OPORTO, AGED SIXTY-TWO.

Madame Guilhermina Suggia, the famous Portuguese 'cellist, was born in 1888. From an early age she played in the Oporto City Orchestra and was leader of the 'cellos at the age of twelve. She made her debut as a soloist at Leipzig at a concert conducted by Nikisch. She studied with Casals, and for long she and he were the world's leading 'cellists. She married Dr. Joze Mena, the X-ray specialist, who died in 1949. She has left her Stradivarius 'cello to London to be sold to found a Suggia Annual Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. Her Montagnani 'cello is also to be sold to found a similar scholarship for the Oporto Conservatoire. John's portrait of her hangs in the Tate.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE NATIONAL PONY SOCIETY SHOW: PRESENTING HER OWN CHALLENGE CUP TO MISS RENÉE BURRY. Princess Margaret, on August 1, attended the 44th annual show of the National Pony Society, of which she is President. She is seen presenting the "Princess Margaret Challenge Cup" for the best New Forest pony to Miss Renée Burry. It was won by Miss Olive Burry's Grey Mist IV. The King took a first prize with a fell pony. There was a record entry of some 400, and the quality of exhibits was high.



LORD HACKING, A FORMER CONSERVATIVE PARTY CHAIRMAN, DIED ON JULY 29. Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation from 1936-42, Lord Hacking represented the Chorley Division of Lancashire for twenty-five years. He did excellent work in various minor Ministerial appointments, and was raised to the peerage in 1945. He founded the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland which was, after his retirement from politics, his chief interest.



GENERAL MACARTHUR IN KOREA: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF U.N. FORCES WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE U.S. EIGHTH ARMY, LIEUT.-GENERAL WALTON H. WALKER (RIGHT). On July 26 General MacArthur flew to 8th Army H.Q. in Korea and returned ten hours later to Tokyo, having had talks with Lieut.-General Walton H. Walker, and visited Air Force H.Q. He said that though "new heart-breaks and setbacks were inherent in the situation" and that victory would not come without a long, hard row, he was supremely confident of the ultimate result. This was his second visit to the front. On June 29 he landed on Suwon airstrip.



POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS FOR GALLANTRY: MR. ROBERT GEORGE TAYLOR. When two men held up the cashier of a sub-branch of Lloyd's Bank, in Bristol, and escaped with a sum of money, Mr. Robert George Taylor, a newspaper advertising representative, chased them, and was shot dead at point-blank range while attempting to capture one. He has been awarded a posthumous George Cross for this "gallant attempt to apprehend an armed and desperate criminal."

THE ZOO FROM THE AIR : A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW—ON AN AFTERNOON OF RECORD ATTENDANCE.

KEY TO NUMBERS

1. The Outer Circle.
2. Restaurant.
3. Cafeteria and Fellows' Restaurant.
4. Parrot House.
5. Birds of Prey.
6. Bird House.
7. Children's Zoo.
8. Penguin Pond.
9. Lion House.
10. Antelope Paddock.
11. Sea Lion Pond.
12. Southern Aviary.
13. Reptile House.
14. Monkey House.
15. Bear Dens.
16. *Brumas* and her mother.
17. Mappin Terraces, with Aquarium beneath.
18. Penguins.
19. Wallabies.
20. Giraffes and Hippo House.
21. Car Park.
22. Main Entrance.

AT the height of the holiday season and when all children are home from school, a visit to the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park—to give the ever-popular "Zoo" its full name—is at once a pleasure and a duty for every family in London. Certainly this would have seemed to have been the case on the sunny afternoon—July 31—when this interesting aerial photograph was taken, for during this day no fewer than 47,000 persons passed through the turnstiles—a record attendance for an ordinary weekday. The photograph was taken at about 3 p.m., and from a glance at the crowds round the Sea Lion Pond (No. 10), it would seem certain that the sea lions are being fed. The time of day seems to make little or no difference to the immense popularity of *Brumas*, the young polar bear born in the Gardens this year, and the dense crowds gathered round the pool in which the little bear and her mother *Ivy* can be seen swimming (No. 14) never seem to wane. Our view, which is from the western angle, takes in nearly the whole area of the Zoo, although some smaller houses and paddocks fringing the Regent's Canal (just visible in the left bottom corner) and the North Entrance in Prince Albert Road are beyond the left edge of the picture. The Zoological Society of London was instituted in 1826 and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1829, and dates its centenary from 1828. During 1849 the number of visitors was 168,895; during 1949, 2,445,995. During the present year already some 1,600,000 have visited the Zoo, and it would appear that the 1949 record (2,745,483) is in danger—probably thanks to *Brumas*. Photograph by Eagle Aerials, Ltd.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

REGENERATION IN EARTHWORMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE question is often asked: If you cut an earthworm in two, will you get two earthworms? The questioner wants to know, if we may put the question in a less simplified form, whether the head-end of a worm cut in two will regenerate a tail-end, and the tail-end regenerate a head-end, so producing two complete worms where there was only one before. If we take the question in that form, then the answer is in the affirmative, but with qualifications. Before going further it would be as well to borrow a leaf from the book of a well-known philosopher and say: It depends what you mean by an earthworm. There are in this country nearly a score of different species of earthworm, of which a dozen are likely to occur in any large-sized garden; and the powers of regeneration vary from one species to another.

Most people who ask this question are under the delusion that the swollen part we see in the common earthworm (*Lumbricus terrestris*), towards the front end of the body, represents a scar where the worm was severed. Were this the case, then we should have to assume that every adult worm had been cut in two and at precisely the same place, for all have the swelling. This saddle, or clitellum, as it is called, is a glandular area, in the region of the reproductive

replace them. A less common earthworm, *Lumbricus variegatus*, on the other hand, has extraordinary powers of regeneration. Specimens can be divided into four, eight, or even ten pieces, most of the pieces will eventually become a complete earthworm; and one individual was even cut into twenty-six pieces, most of which regenerated completely. In other words, and replying to the question posed at the beginning, it is going to depend not only on which species the worm belongs to, but also at which point on the body it is cut.

with human activities further than this, for although building material is assembled at the repair depôts, it is material capable of self-multiplication. The cells that assemble beneath the scar begin to divide, and in eight to ten days the beginnings of the lost organs are laid down, even though the full size of the new segments is not reached for two or three months. And all goes on without the control from the brain.

When injury is done to the hind-end of the body, the *modus operandi* is slightly different, once the scar tissue is formed. A long, slender tail appendage is rapidly formed, though full size is not achieved for the same two to three months. There is also another difference to be noted. When the segments of the head-end are regenerated, the first organ to be replaced is the brain, the gut and other essential organs must wait. In regeneration of the tail-end, however, the gut is the first to be replaced. These things are obviously essential. If the head is lost, and with it the mouth and brain, the animal must fast until control is established over the rest of the body. If the tail-end is lost, but the mouth is still working, it is imperative that the long feeding highway represented by the gut should be reopened at the earliest opportunity.

The sum total of our knowledge is not as great as one might wish, though it is, even so, extensive enough. It is, however, sufficient to make us realise the very interesting story that lies behind. Nevertheless,



THE HEAD-END OF AN EARTHWORM SHOWING THE MOUTH (INDICATED BY AN ARROW) AND THE TYPICALLY SEGMENTED BODY. NOTE THE ABSENCE OF SPECIAL SENSE ORGANS. [Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.]

organs, secreting a viscid material that facilitates the act of pairing, and is also responsible for forming the cocoon into which the eggs are laid.

Outwardly, the long, cylindrical body of an earthworm is marked by a series of rings, or segments. Internally, the body cavity is divided into as many compartments, separated from each other by thin walls or septa. The mouth is on the under-surface of the first segment and leads into a straight, narrow gut running the length of the body. What passes for the brain, the cerebral ganglia so called, lies on the upper surface of the gut, just behind the mouth. From it a pair of nerve strands run round the gut to unite below it and continue backwards through the body, giving off nerves to each segment as it goes. The blood-vessels are few, the main vessels running lengthwise through the body, joined at intervals by transverse vessels.

In the common earthworm, regeneration of the first five or six segments is possible, and regeneration is also possible of a few of the segments at the tail-end. But since there are anything from 100 to 200 segments, it can be readily seen that the regenerative power of this species is limited. The same may be said for several of our common or garden species. In the Long Worm (*Alloobophora longa*), another garden worm, things are a little better. If four to eight segments from the head-end are lost, they will be fairly readily replaced. If nine or more are removed, replacement can be effected, but at a slower rate. If ten segments or less are lost, they will be replaced by an equal number, but if twenty are lost, then more than ten but fewer than twenty segments will



A COMPLETE EARTHWORM (LEFT); WITH (RIGHT) A DISSECTION OF PART OF A WORM, SHOWING THE HEAD-END.

The left figure shows the prostomium (or lip), the segmented body, the male and female pores—a worm is hermaphrodite—and the clitellum, or saddle, which is sometimes mistaken for the scar where a worm has been injured. The figure on the right is a dissection showing the long straight alimentary tract and (in front) the extremely small cerebral ganglia (or "brain") inked to render visible and indicated with an arrow.

It is, however, not so much the bald mechanics of regeneration that are interesting as the minute organisation within the tissues of the body that make it possible. The head-end is cut off—the animal is decapitated—the brain is lost. Immediately there is a co-ordinated action on the part of cells not previously in harmony, or even in contact, to repair the damage. First, the wound is closed with scar tissue, composed at the beginning of lymph corpuscles. Then an epithelium grows over this, enclosing the whole and sealing it off from the outside world, so that further injury from the elements and from natural causes may not result. Meanwhile, other cells migrate in from the remainder of the body, preparatory to rebuilding the lost tissues. It is a gigantic re-organisational operation in microscopic miniature. It is not possible, however, to stretch the comparison



AN EARTHWORM, SHOWING THE SLIGHTLY SWOLLEN FRONT HALF IN WHICH THE ESSENTIAL ORGANS OF DIGESTION AND REPRODUCTION ARE LOCATED. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THAT THERE IS A MARKED DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FRONT- AND HIND-ENDS.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

this story of the co-ordinated activity of cells in rebuilding lost parts is somewhat marred by the fact that it is not always successful. Among earthworms many cases are known of what is called heteromorphosis, where a tail-end has grown a second tail instead of a head, and a head-end has grown another head where the tail-end should be. Sometimes two heads will appear where one was lost, or two tails. Or it may be that the new head will contain two "brains."

Finally, we may mention briefly a few of the conditions governing regeneration. This process of re-growth takes place more quickly in warm weather and is more rapid in some species than in others. In cold weather it is slowed up and is at the same rate for all species. The young earthworms will regenerate more rapidly than the adults in summer: but the rate is the same for both in winter. Regeneration takes place only during the non-breeding season (April to August), when worms are said to be fasting—but this needs confirmation. As might be expected, well-nourished specimens regenerate larger segments than ill-nourished (as distinct from fasting) individuals, though regeneration proceeds at the same rate in both. The condition of the environment naturally also has an effect. Certain chemicals accelerate regeneration, others retard it. Insufficiency of oxygen will retard it considerably.

Repeated regeneration of the same part has been observed. One worm renewed its head twenty-one times in succession. Another grew forty-two tails, one after the other. But as the injury is repeated, regeneration takes progressively longer to start, and finally fails altogether.

THE "COLD WAR" IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER: RUSSIA REBUFFED AT U.N.



RUSSIA FAILS TO OUST CHINA FROM THE SECURITY COUNCIL: THE FIRST INCIDENT OF THE FIRST DAY OF RUSSIA'S RESUMPTION OF HER SEAT AT THE COUNCIL.

In this picture of the delegates voting on Mr. Malik's ruling that Mr. Tsiang was not the legal representative of China, there can be seen (clockwise, from bottom right) Dr. Quevedo (Ecuador), Mahmoud Bey Fawzi (Egypt), M. Chauvel (France), Sir Benegal Rau (India), Mr. Sunde (Norway),

Mr. Lie (Secretary-General), Mr. Malik (Russia), Mr. Zinchenko (Assistant Secretary-General), counting, Sir G. Jebb (U.K.), Mr. Austin (U.S.), Dr. Bebler (Yugoslavia), Dr. Tsiang (China), Dr. Alvarez (Cuba). All voted against Russia except the Indian and Yugoslav delegates.



THE MOMENT WHEN IT WAS REVEALED THAT ONLY THREE (RUSSIA, YUGOSLAVIA, INDIA) SUPPORTED THE RUSSIAN RULING THAT THE CHINESE DELEGATE COULD NOT PARTICIPATE. On August 1, the Russian delegate, Mr. Malik, returned to the Security Council of the United Nations, as previously announced, after boycotting it for seven months, and took the chair in the normal sequence. His first act was an attempt to give a ruling that Dr. Tsiang was not the legal representative of China, and consequently could not take part in the Council's proceedings. After a heated debate, this ruling was rejected by eight votes to three, the three supporters of the rejected ruling being Russia, India and Yugoslavia. The next two days were spent in somewhat similar procedural battles until on August 3 the American amendment on the agenda maintaining aggression against Korea as the essential subject of discussion was carried by eight votes to one, with two abstentions, and both items on the Soviet agenda relating to Korea and Chinese representation were rejected. Mr. Malik denounced these decisions as "illegal," but, somewhat surprisingly, did not walk out.

The World of the Theatre.

THE SEA AND THE CLIFF.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THIS is again a time of year when I feel there can be no subject but the sea. The lighthouse on the headland is already darting its blade; bathers linger, belated, in a warmly-purring tide; gulls overhead sound like a radio programme; and I stare across a patch of sea upon which the "mortal moon" of the Spanish Armada (for I must take Dr. Hotson's word that this is what Shakespeare meant) was first descried off Britain in July, 1588.

By good fortune the London stage has provided me with a play of the sea, though the more I reflect on

all it is supposed to do; George Matthews as the skipper who both barks and bites; and Russell Collins as the Doc, who is the play's point of rest. I like Jackie Cooper as a timid "ensign" with more invention than will-power. He would get on well with Bob Acres and might give a nautical tinge to Bob's repertory of genteel oaths. Some of the jesting with which the piece begins is cheap enough penny-gaff comedy, but the play has a simple-hearted

and Love within doors. Still, Ernest Thesiger, with his queer, splintery distinction (and his rabbit); Margaret Johnston, quite unforced as the woman at the core of the problem; and Roderick Lovell, as an ardent young professor, make the play sound better than it is by acting it with conviction and eagerness. We shall not meet any of the types down here, and that (as I stare at the sea to-night) is a consolation.

A mile or two from here is the cliff that for me, ever since I could first read "King Lear," has been the fellow of the "dread summit" of Edgar's speech. True, there is no "chalky bourn": the rock is Cornish serpentine, but the height is sufficiently dizzying. I have just heard the crow-and-chough lines in the revival of "Lear" at Stratford-upon-Avon as the fifth play in the season's Festival. John Gielgud, giving his third study of Lear in twenty years, is still not every inch a King. He does not touch our hearts until too late in the play. Intellectually, the performance is complete, yet for too long it wants the warming glow. When Lear meets Gloucester the barriers are down: suddenly the actor has turned to the King, and at the speaking of "Thou must be patient; we came crying hither," we knew at the première that we were at last in the presence of a major creation. Unhappily, there was little further to go. Gielgud expressed magnificently the scenes of Lear's awakening and the grief over the body of Cordelia, and we can be sure that in time to come he will achieve the complete character.

Peggy Ashcroft's Cordelia is the best in my recollection. I am always afraid of a part which so many actresses have merely prettified, but Miss Ashcroft's deep compassion will stay in the grateful mind. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's Regan has a sensuous, drawing devilry, and Maxine Audley is only a degree less diabolical as Goneril, dead-white and balefully on guard. Alan Badel's delicate Fool and Nigel Green's sardonic blackguard of an Edmund remain with me longer than any of the secondary men. The Kent is no more than efficient and the Gloucester uncertain; Harry Andrews's Edgar is happiest when he has escaped from the shade of Poor Tom. Even if it is not wholly a "Lear" of the first class, it ranks high; the production has passages that do strike firm root in the memory, and Granville-Barker—to whose spirit Gielgud



"MISTER ROBERTS" AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: THE SET FOR THE ACTION WHICH TAKES PLACE ON BOARD THE U.S. NAVY CARGO SHIP AK 603, WITH (L. TO R. IN FRONT) MISTER ROBERTS (TYRONE POWER), LIEUT. ANN GIRARD (HILLY PARKS) AND ENSIGN FULVER (JACKIE COOPER). Mr. Trewin writes as follows of "Mister Roberts," the American play by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan, based on the novel by Thomas Heggen, at the London Coliseum. "The set is by the American designer Jo Mielziner; it impresses by sheer bulk. The direction, by the part-author, Joshua Logan, is expert: he does not let the piece buckle amidships. . . . As it is, the affair is successful—noisily, roughly successful—and acted as well as one could wish by Tyrone Power as Mister Roberts."

it, the less like my first paragraph it is. "Mister Roberts" (Coliseum) comes from America. It has nothing whatever to do with the Spanish Armada; I do not remember a lighthouse; and the seagulls are left to that other naval play, "Seagulls Over Sorrento" at the Apollo (though, to be candid, I cannot think at the moment of any gulls in Hugh Hastings's comedy).

"Mister Roberts" is a tough affair. Its seamen could ship under Eugene O'Neill: not, I imagine, that they would want to do so, with the exception, perhaps, of Mister Roberts himself: he has a passionate desire to leave his vessel, the bluntly-christened AK 603. The play is about this passion of his: AK 603 is an American Navy cargo-ship in the Pacific Ocean, over 3000 miles from the combat area. It has its job to do, the delivery of toilet articles to the Pacific garrisons; but though it does this competently enough, and its skipper is highly delighted with the results, its mate, Mister Roberts, wants to be somewhere closer to the fighting. As it is, he seems to be sailing from Tedium to Apathy, with an occasional side-trip to Monotony. At the end he gets his transference from the "bucket," not with his captain's help, but with the powerful united aid of the entire crew of AK 603. He has secured shore leave for his men, after their long confinement on board, under a tyrannous skipper, and this is their way of saying "Thanks for the Liberty."

I am not especially excited by the plot, which Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan have based on Mr. Heggen's novel. But I do find some theatrical excitement in the way in which the seamen are manoeuvred across a vast set of AK 603, one that fills the Coliseum stage. This set is by the American designer, Jo Mielziner: it impresses by sheer bulk. The direction, by the part-author, Joshua Logan, is expert: he does not let the piece buckle amidships, and in the second half of the evening it might very well have been sadly repetitive. As it is, the affair is successful—noisily, roughly successful—and acted as well as one could wish by Tyrone Power as Mister Roberts, a straightforward drive at the part that does

ram-it-across goodwill. We are always glad to see a bully discomfited, and the captain of AK 603 would be as grim a bully as the stage has had in years if Petty Officer Herbert had not bobbed up earlier in "Seagulls" at the Apollo. Between them they make the ordinary theatrical bad man seem uncommonly flat beer.

I am not likely to notice Mister Roberts's vessel lumbering past this headland, though all day various ships (not, if you please, a "cavalcade" of them) have formed a mixed queue: the *Caronia* went up-Channel a few hours ago. Throughout the afternoon the sea, now fading into twilight, shimmered like a peacock's neck: a sight that made us wonder why people trouble to go to Capri or to seek those coast villages in the South of France, where, according to Dido Milroy's play at the Garrick, it is "Always Afternoon." This is a little theatrical novelette about a child-woman who runs away from life, and her mixed love-affairs. I could not help feeling that its half-dozen people would have had more real fun bathing in the bay than in getting tense about Life

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING LEAR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—John Gielgud has directed this revival, with Anthony Quayle's co-operation, in the spirit of the famous Granville-Barker Preface. He himself, a deeply-considered Lear, lacks pathos until the closing scenes which touch the heart. Peggy Ashcroft's Cordelia is a lovely creation, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Maxine Audley are ruthless as the sisters.

"MISTER ROBERTS" (Coliseum).—This is the story of an American Navy cargo-ship in the Pacific, and of her rebellious cargo officer, Joshua Logan who, with Thomas Heggen, adapted it from Mr. Heggen's novel, has made a rough-and-tough play that has its merits in the theatre if you do not take it too seriously and can find beguilement in the use that Mr. Logan—his own producer—makes of the Coliseum stage. Tyrone Power acts forcibly, and Jackie Cooper, George Matthews and Russell Collins aid him well.

"ALWAYS AFTERNOON" (Garrick).—Dido Milroy's play of the South of France, based on a story by Shelagh Fraser, has reached the West End from the Embassy. The performance is more important than the plot, which is an implausible business: Ernest Thesiger and Margaret Johnston deal adroitly with one of the theatre's oddest married couples.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Open Air Theatre).—With Antony Eastrel thwacking about cheerfully as Petruchio, and Ruth Lodge as the most shrewish of shrews, this is a good, honest revival of the farce. Robert Atkins knows the way to keep it going, within doors or out.



"ALWAYS AFTERNOON" AT THE GARRICK: (L. TO R.) DAVID HARPER (RODERICK LOVELL), LAURIE PHILLIPSON (MARGARET JOHNSTON) AND O. F. PHILLIPSON (ERNEST THESIGER).

"Always Afternoon" is described by Mr. Trewin as a "little theatrical novelette about a child-woman who runs away from life, and her mixed love-affairs. . . . Still, Ernest Thesiger, with his queer, splintery distinction (and his rabbit); Margaret Johnston, quite unforced as the woman at the core of the problem; and Roderick Lovell as an ardent young professor, make the play sound better than it is by acting it with conviction and eagerness."

paid affecting tribute on the first night—would find that his "Preface" has been acutely interpreted.

It is the hour now for a last walk along the eastern cliffs. We cannot escape from the sea if we would. Even the book on the table, John Masefield's anthology of his favourite poems, appears to open of itself at the lines from Chapman, "Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea . . ." To-night, where the great ray sweeps, the gulls are mewing across a sea of unruffled silk. It is all a long way from "Lear" and from the rough-and-tumble of "Mister Roberts" and the Pacific glare.

FROM LAND, SEA AND THE AIR: HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE SUNNINGDALE MANSION WHICH NOW HOUSES THE HOME OFFICE CIVIL DEFENCE STAFF COLLEGE AND IS THE SCENE OF ATOM BOMB DEFENCE INSTRUCTION.

This 40-roomed Sunningdale mansion, which was purchased last year by the Home Office for a stated £50,000, is now used as a Civil Defence Staff College. Senior local officials, town clerks, police, fire chiefs and the like from all over the world have already studied here in courses and discussions concerning civil defence against atomic warfare.



WARSPITE BEACHED YET AGAIN. THE HULK, WHICH WENT ASHORE AT PRUSSIA COVE THREE YEARS AGO, ON HER WAY TO THE SHIP-BREAKERS, WAS REFOLOATED ON JULY 29. THE SAME DAY SHE WAS BEACHED AGAIN AT MARAZION TO REPAIR A LEAK, BUT WOULD PROBABLY SOON BE REFOLOATED.



THE WORLD'S FIRST COMMERCIAL FLIGHT BY A TURBO-PROP AIR-LINER: THE VICKERS VISCOUNT LEAVING NORTHOLT FOR LE BOURGET, REACHED IN 57 MINUTES. THE RETURN FLIGHT TOOK 66 MINUTES.



THE VIKING SHIP HUGIN COMES TO REST: PART OF THE CEREMONIES IN WHICH PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK HANDED HER OVER TO RAMSGATE AND BROADSTAIRS. The replica Viking ship Hugin, which last year marked the 1500th anniversary of the landing of Hengist and Horsa by sailing over from Denmark to Broadstairs, has been presented to the boroughs of Ramsgate and Broadstairs; and Prince George of Denmark, who last year welcomed the "invaders," made the presentation on July 28 this year.



COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY ACT: A STAMP ISSUED BY THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The first Public Libraries Act was promoted on August 14, 1850, by William Ewart, a native of Liverpool and M.P. for Liverpool. This fact and also the appointment of the first Public Libraries Committee in Liverpool (April, 1850), are being commemorated in the above stamp issued by the City of Liverpool Public Libraries.



MAJOR WILLANS EQUIPPED FOR THE TEST OF A NEW TYPE OF PARACHUTE. IN WHICH HE FELL 15,000 FT. BEFORE RELEASING THE PARACHUTE.

On July 31, Major T. Willans tested a new type of Irvin automatic parachute for use in high-speed jet fighters. Leaving the aircraft at 25,000 ft., he dropped like a plummet for 72 seconds, when his parachute opened automatically at 10,000 ft., after which he landed safely. He is seen here equipped with parachute, crash helmet, oxygen supply, recording instruments, fur-lined garments, and a knife to free himself should he have landed in a tree.



THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER SYDNEY ON HER ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH. IN THE FOREGROUND THE GUNS OF H.M.S. DUKE OF YORK.

On July 24 the light fleet aircraft carrier H.M.A.S. Sydney arrived at Portsmouth to embark the 21st Carrier Air Group (the second in the Australian Navy). The senior officers of this group, which has been trained in Cornwall, are on loan from the R.N., but the pilots and aircraftmen are mainly Australian. She will take part in some exercises before returning.

THE FIRST REALISTIC PREHISTORIC DRAWINGS TO BE FOUND IN ITALY.



FIG. 1. NOTABLE AMONG THE PALÆOLITHIC CAVE DRAWINGS AT LEVANZO: A PRIMITIVE HORSE, PROBABLY *EQUUS ASINUS HYDRUNTINUS*.

Concerning the remarkable discoveries illustrated on this and the facing page, Professor Paolo Graziosi, Professor of Palæo-ethnology and Human Palæontology in the Universities of Florence and Pisa, writes:

THE island of Levanzo is a small island in the Egadi Archipelago, some eleven miles from the west coast of Sicily, opposite the town of Trapani. It is rocky, entirely treeless and riddled with grottoes and caves. It is inhabited by some dozens of fishermen's families, all of whom live in a little village in the east part of the island; and it has never been recognised as having any prehistoric interest. Last autumn, a young Italian painter, Signorina Franca Minellono, who by chance had entered a cave which opens on the sea (Fig. 6), in the rocky south coast of the island, saw on the walls of this same grotto little figures in black, highly stylised, which interested her from the artistic point of view, and of which she took sketches—which she showed to me here in Florence. From these sketches, which were carefully executed, it was possible to gather that these were eneolithic prehistoric paintings of the same type as those which adorn the caves and grottoes of Spain. ("Eneolithic" is equivalent to date Neolithic or Chalcolithic.) Seeing that until this moment there was no record of any important group of prehistoric paintings in Italy, even of a late age, like these, I decided to go myself to Levanzo to study and copy these paintings—which I did towards the end of June, accompanied by my assistant and by the young lady who had drawn my attention to the paintings. Our researches in the grotto of Levanzo have given absolutely unexpected results. In the first place, I was able to make trial digs in the deposits which filled the outer chamber of the grotto (Fig. 7), and which was open to the daylight; and I was able to reveal an upper eneolithic or later level, and also lower levels of the upper palæolithic with Gravettian industry, and the bones of pleistocene animals such as *Bos primigenius*, *Cervus elephas*, *Equus hydruntinus*, etc. But the most important result is the discovery in the inner chamber (Fig. 8) of the grotto where the paintings were found of a series of much older, splendid palæolithic drawings in the Franco-Cantabrian style (Figs. 1-5), and showing animals of the same types as the remains found in the deposit, and of human figures. This is the first discovery in Italy of works of palæolithic rock art in the

[Continued above.]

[Continued.] naturalistic style. The only palæolithic rock-drawings hitherto found in Italy are those of the Romanelli grotto, in Puglia, of a very bad semi-naturalistic or stylised kind, very different from those of Franco-Cantabrian art. The chamber in which these figures are found is completely dark and its means of communication with the outer chamber is a very narrow entry, through which one has to crawl (Fig. 7). The scene of the eneolithic paintings gave us some stylised figures of men with their legs separated (Fig. 9), of the Iberian type, some

[Continued below.]



FIG. 2. FROM THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE LEVANZO GROTTO: A BULL FOLLOWING A COW. SKELETAL REMAINS OF SUCH BEASTS WERE FOUND IN THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE.



FIG. 3. A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE LEVANZO CAVE DRAWINGS: A YOUNG STAG—PROBABLY *CERVUS ELEPHAS*—EXECUTED IN THE FINEST PALÆOLITHIC NATURALISTIC STYLE.

[Continued.] marked, sometimes very subtle, so that a very strong illumination is necessary to see them. All the drawings are covered with a very old patina and much patience was necessary in examining the rocky surfaces to discover them. We give here some reproductions of these drawings, either in photographs or in tracings (Figs. 1-5). There are undoubtedly other examples to be discovered in the grotto, which will be our next task during the new excavation campaign planned for this next autumn. As one can see, the animals are executed with great spirit and with a superb naturalistic technique, comparable with the best Franco-Cantabrian works of art. The grotto of Combarelles, in Dordogne and that of Font de Gaume have similar drawings, as have several locations of the Upper Palæolithic in France. At Levanzo we found the stag very frequently reproduced, especially the young stags (Figs. 3 and 5); the artists of Levanzo have also executed magnificent bulls, in profile (Figs. 2 and 4) and even seen from in front. Very interesting also is the reproduction of a little equine which seems to be *Equus hydruntinus* (Fig. 1), very widespread in Pleistocene Sicily, and whose very portrait we have here. The reproductions of the human figure are, as in Franco-Cantabrian art, less skilled and naturalistic than those of animals, and, as in France and Spain, they appear to be wearing masks. The whole of this rock art seems to be linked, at Levanzo also, with the propitiatory magic of the chase. How can one explain the presence in this very small island, where to-day only wild rabbits can live, of reproductions of large mammals such as bulls, stags and equines, and especially the presence of the bony remains of animals needing large tracts to support themselves? If we study a map of the marine contours, we establish that between Levanzo and Sicily they never exceed 40 metres; and granted that during the Würmian glaciation (to which we must date the Levanzo drawings as well as the Franco-Cantabrian) the level of the seas was perhaps 90 metres lower than the present level, one must reach the conclusion that during this period the Island of Levanzo, as well as the neighbouring Island of Favignana, was linked with Sicily by a broad plain in which palæolithic man chased his game and brought back the spoils thereof to the grotto of the present Island of Levanzo, which then stood out like a promontory above the surrounding plains. The discovery of these palæolithic works of art poses new and suggestive problems concerning the connections and relations between the Upper Palæolithic peoples and civilisations of the Mediterranean basin and, indeed, those of the world of Western Europe at this same era.



FIG. 4. THE GREAT BULL—FROM THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE LEVANZO GROTTO. IT WAS PROBABLY *BOS PRIMIGENIUS*.

[Continued.] semi-naturalistic fish, and a very interesting series of representations of a female figure "violinshaped" (Fig. 10), very widespread in the Mediterranean in eneolithic and later times, and of which examples have been found carved in Crete, Troy and, even painted, in Spain. The Island of Levanzo marks then a stage of recent prehistoric art in its diffusion in the Mediterranean. The palæolithic drawings, which constitute the most important and unexpected result of our researches at Levanzo, were executed on the smooth surfaces of the walls of the grotto with a stroke, sometimes deep and well-

[Continued above, right.]



FIG. 5. A FINE DRAWING OF A GREAT STAG. LEVANZO, NOW A ROCKY ISLET, IN ANCIENT TIMES WAS A PEAK IN A WIDE PLAIN.

CAVE ART FROM PREHISTORIC SICILY: THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GROTTA OF LEVANZO.



FIG. 6. THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTA IN THE SMALL SICILIAN ISLAND OF LEVANZO IN WHICH THE TWO REMARKABLE SERIES OF CAVE-DRAWINGS WERE DISCOVERED.



FIG. 7. THE OUTER CHAMBER OF THE LEVANZO CAVE, CONTAINING LATE NEOLITHIC DRAWINGS, CONNECTED WITH THE INNER BY THE SMALL PASSAGE (CENTRE).



FIG. 8. THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE GROTTA, SOME LATE NEOLITHIC DRAWINGS CAN BE SEEN LEFT OF THE FIGURE, THE PALÆOLITHIC ARE ON THE SHADOWED WALL.



FIG. 9. A LATE NEOLITHIC DRAWING FROM THE WALL OF THE INNER CHAMBER (SEE FIG. 8), SHOWING STYLISED MEN AND A SMALL MAMMAL, IN THE OUTER CHAMBER STYLE.



FIG. 10. HIGHLY STYLISED DRAWINGS OF THE LATE NEOLITHIC PERIOD. (ABOVE.) MEN; AND (BELOW) FEMALE FIGURES OF THE CHARACTERISTIC "VIOLIN" SHAPE.

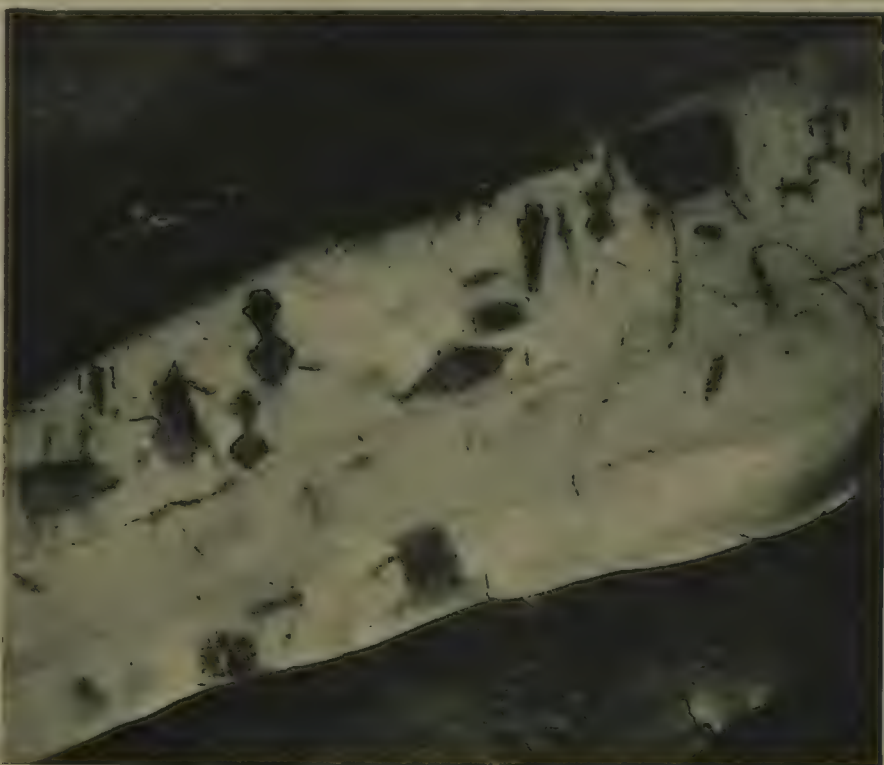


FIG. 11. ALMOST THE FULL RANGE OF THE NEOLITHIC LEVANZO ARTIST: MEN, "VIOLIN"-WOMEN, MAMMALS, FISHES AND DAGGERS IN A CROWDED GROUP.

On the opposite page Professor Graziosi describes the recent discovery in the island of Levanzo, off the west coast of Sicily, of a grotto containing two distinct series of cave-drawings. The drawings themselves are of great interest (Figs. 1-5, 9-11), but their principal interest lies in the fact that the older and best series (Figs. 1-5) are unique for Italy, and extend the range of the best style of prehistoric art, the

Franco-Cantabrian. It is also of considerable interest as showing within a very small compass examples of the early and clearly naturalistic style, and the much later, completely stylised and almost hieratic style, when for the purpose intended a symbol had become as effective as an accurate drawing. Professor Graziosi is confident that there is much yet to be discovered at Levanzo, and he is continuing his research.



THE late Seton Murray Thomson, who was born in 1864 and died in 1949, made a practice of solving *The Times* crossword puzzle in the brief half-hour journey between Linlithgow and Glasgow or Edinburgh, and, until a month before his death, of killing eighteen rabbits with twenty cartridges. He collected First Editions and Bewick woodcuts, and knew a great deal about silver, furniture and wine. He was a notable lover of gardens, and his own at Preston House, Linlithgow, was famous. He was a breeder of hackneys and a recognised authority, and his judgment about these and other horses was, as his friends put it, as shrewd as his judgment of men. He loved racing, and when in due course he gave up attending race meetings, he kept up his knowledge of form by having a pound bet each day on every race. Clearly a man of many varied interests. With the decline of the hackney and the retirement of his head groom, he gave up his stud and began to build up a collection of models of horses from many countries and of every age. His first purchase was in 1923 and cost him half a crown; now his collection of more than 500 pieces has been offered to the Glasgow Art Gallery by his executors and gratefully accepted. The offer, so I am told, mentioned merely "a collection of horses," and was, in the first instance, passed over to the Curator of the Natural History Department.

He appears to have added very little since the year 1933, so that during a brief ten years he gathered together examples from nineteen different countries, carved in thirty-three different materials—from gold, jade and malachite down to earthenware and wood. About 100 are Chinese, which is as much a tribute to his own taste and knowledge as to the extraordinary sensitiveness of the Chinese modellers to the form and nature of the horse—a circumstance which has often been noted on this page. The collection has not yet been catalogued, but has been handed over with its late owner's notes and letters; from these I am

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A COLLECTION OF HORSES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

The heads are crowned by, I think, halos, not caps, and the faces appear to be hooded. On the horses' chests are what seem to be at first sight a series of large buttons, but a closer inspection (clear enough in our photograph) shows them to be knobs which form a cross. On the assumption that the wings are not wings but draperies blown by the wind, it has been suggested that the figures represent St. George—I feel sure these are wings, and suggest



FIG. 1. REPRESENTING A CLUMSY HORSE BEARING A WINGED KNIGHT: ONE OF A PAIR OF GOLD-LUSTRED HISPANO-MOESQUE WARE CANDLESTICKS (height 9½ ins.).

The remarkable collection of over 500 models of horses formed by the late Mr. Seton Murray Thomson and presented by his executors to the Glasgow Art Gallery is discussed by Mr. Frank Davis on this page. The pair of fine fifteenth- to sixteenth-century Hispano-Moresque ware candlesticks, one of which we illustrate, may represent St. Michael. The knobs on the horses' chests form crosses.

St. Michael as the most likely explanation. In any case, they are remarkable examples of this beautiful ware, and I am not surprised that the Maltese dealer valued them highly—nor that eventually he came down from the clouds after making further enquiries, for enthusiasm is one thing and cash is another. A note in Mr. Thomson's catalogue shows that he bought them a year later from a London dealer for £100. From these robust examples of the beginnings of earthenware modelling in Europe, step back 1000 years to Fig. 2 and move East, to the highly sophisticated models manufactured in great quantities during the T'ang Dynasty to accompany persons of consequence on their last journey and be buried with them, so that the dead should not lack the necessities of existence (musicians, grooms, butlers, concubines, camels and horses) in the spirit world—a custom which was no doubt an echo of the more savage practice of the dawn of history, when living men, women and animals would be killed and buried with their master.

Here are three very good examples of these Chinese tomb figures, the two proud caparisoned animals, with their arched necks and dressed manes and flowing saddle-cloths, with traces of black and red pigment, and the other sturdy beast with his bearded groom decorated with mottled brown and blue glazes. These bearded servants, by the way, are by no means uncommon among tomb figures of the Dynasty; their features are very distinctly non-Chinese, and they (or, rather, the men whom they represent) probably reached China over the long silk road from the Near East. Note the saddle, rather like an English cavalry saddle: the rider sits well down in it, but I fancy he would be more secure if his feet were not quite so far forward, but it is asking rather a lot to expect a potter to worry about such niceties. If I may be allowed to express a purely personal preference, I have rather a liking for these little men who are obviously so far from home. For many years two of them, looking sad and enigmatic, have stood upon my mantelpiece, dressed in high boots and long tunics, each carrying a water-jug, and whenever I have come across a suitable horse for them to look after, the price has rocketed beyond my reach. They are still referred to by the name bestowed upon them by an imaginative domestic—"The Little Grandfathers." By such trivialities do one's household gods become warm and friendly.

Yet another leap backwards in time—about 1200 years—and we come to another horse and rider, the Greek terracotta in Fig. 3. This came from the Oppenheimer Collection (as did so many magnificent Old Master drawings now scattered in great collections on both sides of the Atlantic), and is a little masterpiece of concise statement, picked out in blue, black, brown and red. Mr. Thomson's notes give the sixth century B.C. as the date of the far more primitive terracotta in the centre of this photograph. I must confess that if the Oppenheimer horse and rider is correctly dated as sixth century, I should have thought that this one could well be a century or so earlier.

The third example in this photograph—the idea of a horse reduced to its most summary form—is yet another 1000 years older—fifteenth- to sixteenth-century B.C. and from Cyprus. I understand that this highly specialised collection is in process of being catalogued, when, no doubt, some of the late owner's tentative attributions will have to be revised. It is, however, already clear that in setting out to acquire a series of models from many countries with his expert knowledge of horses as a foundation, he did, in fact, gather together many pieces which do a great deal more than illustrate man's interest in horseflesh throughout the ages. He acquired some notable works of art in the process.



FIG. 2. EXAMPLES OF CHINESE T'ANG DYNASTY [618-906 A.D.] TOMB FIGURES: (L. TO R.) A PARCHMENT-COLOURED EARTHENWARE HORSE (height 1½ ins.), ANOTHER, WITH FORELEG RAISED (height 1½ ins.) AND A HORSE AND RIDER (height 16 ins.).

These fine examples of the well-known tomb figures manufactured in large quantities in China under the T'ang Dynasty consist of "two proud caparisoned animals, with their arched necks and dressed manes and flowing saddle-cloths, with traces of black and red pigment, and the other sturdy beast with his bearded groom decorated with mottled brown and blue glazes."

permitted to quote the following letter from a dealer in Malta: "... a pair (to match) of true and genuine Gold Lustred Hispano-Moresque ware candlesticks of the early sixteenth century: Representing two clumsy horses mounting winged knights respectively each of which is holding a candlestick in opposite directions ... they are unique in the whole world possessed by no existing museum (which for your guidance this may be verified)." He continues that he has been advised "by imminent and reliable experts and antiquaries some of which authors of books on antiquities to ask and possibly stick to the price of £3000." One of these mounted figures is illustrated in Fig. 1, and very fine they are. I should not care to be dogmatic about them, but I shall be very surprised indeed if anyone writes in to inform me that they know of one or more similar pieces.



FIG. 3. EXAMPLES OF EARLY GREEK ART: (L. TO R.) A HORSEMAN OF TERRACOTTA PICKED OUT IN BLUE, BLACK, BROWN AND RED (height 4½ ins.), A PRIMITIVE HORSEMAN OF TERRACOTTA WITH BLACK LINES (height 4½ ins.), AND A HORSE WITH A LARGE FORELOCK (height 4½ ins.). The Greek model on the left, "a little masterpiece of concise statement," is dated sixth century B.C., the same period as Mr. Seton Thomson gave in his notes for the primitive piece in the centre, which Mr. Frank Davis feels could well be earlier. "The horse reduced to its most summary form" on the right, is fifteenth- to sixteenth-century B.C., Cyprus.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NO aspect of a novel is so rarely mentioned as its personal tone—that ever-present, that pervading quality which colours the whole experience. Of course, a writer's tone may well be dim and unmarked, and then one probably can say the same of his talent. But even when it counts for most, and when its flavour is enough to poison or redeem anything, critics are apt to pass it by without a word. One might suppose them unaware of it, but that seems impossible. Therefore I must conclude that they disdain to take any notice of it: that flavour strikes them as irrelevant, in a work of art.

Perhaps it is; I won't dispute, or trench on aesthetic theory. But whether relevant or not on that higher plane, to vulgar minds it is supremely important. It is the quality which makes one like or dislike a given writer, wholesale and once for all, and to the vulgar critic (like myself) is often a severe trial of conscience. It turns him blind or obdurate to merit where the flavour is nasty, and it begets a fond anxiety to praise some indifferent books. Yet a degree of bias may be less misleading than the higher system of nonchalance.

All this is bringing me to "*Quorum*," by Phyllis Bentley (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.)—though I might have found a better place for it, in the discussion of a worse novel. But the point is that I like Miss Bentley in all her work. I feel that everyone must like its wholesome, temperate, humane quality—in short, its flavour. Charm is not quite the word; it is a shade too volatile. Miss Bentley's work has no airs and graces—only the airs which Pope admired in Lady Suffolk, sober yet pleasing, "an equal mixture of good-humour and sensible soft melancholy." (Though "soft," again, perhaps, is not quite the word.) Since these attractions never fail, I enjoy her always, and don't, like some admirers, stickle for the West Riding.

"*Quorum*" has the West Riding, yet with a sinking heart I thought it would be unpraisable. The scheme is artificial in the mode of yesterday: a small group of characters, linked by a committee meeting which obliquely decides their fate. Or anyhow, the fate of some, and that is too much. The meeting opens; then we pick up each member, and reconduct him through the day and through his whole life. And yet again the meeting opens . . . and again, till all have re-reached the starting-point. Then come the minutes and discussion. Then their oblique results—fresh hope and purpose for the young, confusion to the black-hearted, and a swan song for good old age.

Not plausible, or neat. All stretching done, a few of the characters—the Communist, the woman teacher and the old Labour man—are neither influenced nor much concerned. All have a touch of commonplace, and their debating-theme is dullness itself. I could not but agree with the neurotic siren, that a textile pageant would be small fun to watch—then how much less to mull over.

And yet, with every handicap, the story comes through. Not just by virtue of its tone. One starts with a desire to praise, but soon one can't help enjoying it thoroughly; for though the bad design involves many setbacks, the narrative is always quick to leap over them. Besides her innate quality, the writer has a skilled hand; she can't be dull for long. And if the side of right scores too freely—why not endure it for a change?

"*Celia Amberley*," by Victoria Lincoln (Faber; 12s. 6d.), is yet another study of the artist as a child and young girl. This is American, refined in manner and advanced in psychology. At first I thought it would be slow and otiose. Must one start again, tackle another sensitive, elect little being, with all her little ploys and fantasies, her feelings for Papa and Mama, her pangs and triumphs as a schoolgirl, and in due course her adolescence? Celia the child, though drawn with care and patently a labour of love, did not convert me to the need. So late in the day, that would require a touch of poetry which is not forthcoming. Still, as a child she would be quite attractive if the author were not so fond of her.

But from the moment when she goes to school, the focus changes and the English reader looks on aghast. From that time forth, her life is dominated by prestige values. First there is an outer circle of snobbery. This is established by the parents—tacitly, if they are kind and liberal; but there are children one can't ask home. The girls conform, and add an inner circle of "popularity." Celia, at first, is not "popular," so she is desperate. Likings have no importance; one doesn't think of them, but sweats to please the right girls. And later on the boys, and on the same ground. Not sex, not liking is the magnet, but popularity.

Celia's gifts are not much heard of at this period; the boys are a full-time job. And since the highest value is prestige, she has no integrity. At last she does begin to grope her way out; a perfect "steady" is in waiting, and past vulgarities are treated as the blunders of a young, docile heart. And yet she fails to charm—but the prestige-cult is full of interest.

"*Clash by Night*" (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.) Susan Gillespie takes us back to India, or what we used to call India. The setting is a princely State in dissolution, harried by civil war, and menacingly jostled by its great neighbours. The Rajah has been put to flight, and Abdul Khan, a puny and pathetic reformer, heads the new Government. But he is not extreme enough to suit the die-hards, or Pakistan; while the defeated Rajah may secure help from India. Britain is represented only by a few derelicts, and by the Cosways on their estate.

The Cosways have a tragic past, a young daughter and a guest from England; these furnish the romance. It is a little scrappy, ill-adjusted to the public scene—in fact, one can't describe this as a good novel. But it is likeable, with touching moments and a great deal of human sympathy. And as a record of events, it fills one with blank dismay.

"*Black Cypress*," by Frances Crane (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), with its grim villa, paralytic woman and domestic murders, is a nice, cheerful contrast. Pat Abbott has been called in to protect Mrs. Stryker, first by her niece—who claims him as a distant cousin—and by Mr. Stryker in the next breath. Each talks of murder, in the vaguest style. They come from Hawaii; but their Renaissance mansion on the coast is apter for deeds of blood. Also it is the right place for Mrs. Stryker, a neurotic invalid and despot. No sooner have the Abbotts moved in than crime begins to rage.

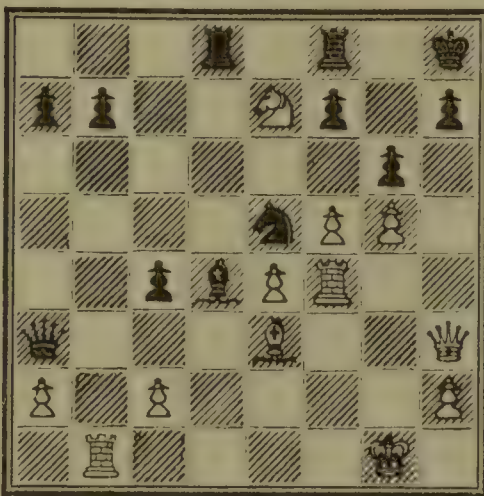
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's two games are from the British Universities' Chess Congress at Cambridge and are typical of the play of our younger experts. Brilliance in the finish is soundly based on a frightening knowledge of the openings; the first seventeen moves in each were based on previous study.

Game A. SICILIAN DEFENCE.

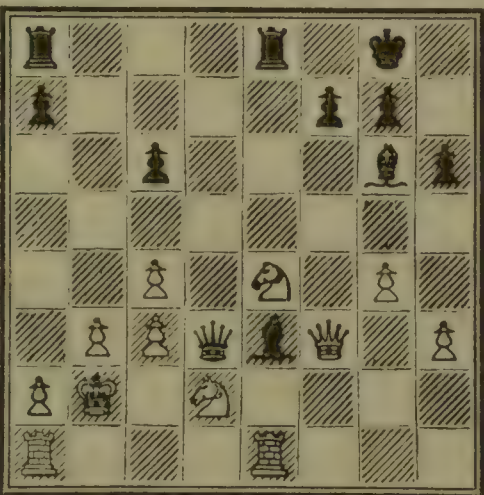
O. Penrose	H. A. Samuels	O. Penrose	H. A. Samuels
1. P-K4	P-QB4	12. P-Kt4	P-Q4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt
3. P-Q4	P×P	14. B×B	P×B
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	15. P-Kt5	QR-Qr
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	16. Q-B3	Kt-Q2
6. B-K2	P-KKt3	17. Kt-Q5	B×P
7. Castles	B-Kt2	18. Kt×Pch	K-R1
8. B-K3	Castles	19. Q-R3	Kt-K4
9. Kt-Kt3	B-K3	20. QR-Kt1	Q-R6
10. P-B4	QKt-R4	21. R-B4	B-Q5
11. P-B5	B-B5	22. ?	



After White's move now (what was it?) Black resigned.

Game B. TWO KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

L. J. Cannon	L. W. Barden	L. J. Cannon	L. W. Barden
1. P-K4	P-K4	15. B-K3	Kt-Q2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	16. P-Kt4	B-Kt3
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	17. Q-Kt2	Kt-K4
4. Kt-Kt5	P-Q4	18. QKt-Q2	Kt-Q6ch
5. P×P	Kt-QR4	19. K-K2	B-R5
6. P-Q3	P-KR3	20. Kt-B5	B×P!
7. Kt-KB3	P-K5	21. Kt(B5)×KP	B×B
8. Q-K2	Kt×B	22. K×Kt	B-Kt3
9. P×Kt	B-QB4	23. K-B2	P-QB3
10. KKt-Q2	Castles	24. P×P	P×P
11. Kt-Kt3	QB-Kt5	25. P-Kt3	R-K1
12. Q-B1	B-Kt5ch	26. K-Kt2	Q-Q6
13. P-QB3	B-K2	27. KR-K1	B-K6
14. P-KR3	B-R4	28. Q-B3	?



Game A: 22. Q×Pch! (If 22... K×Q; 23. R-R3ch, K-Kt2; 24. P-B6 mate.)

Game B: 28... R×Kt (if 29. Kt×R, B-B8ch and 30... Q×Q.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WIT AND WISDEN.

I THINK it was Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty who, at a critical stage in the Irish Civil War, remarked: "I hear that 'Dev.' is marching on Dublin at the head of two hundred thousand words." Even if this admirable "crack" is wrongly attributed, it matters little. For Dr. Gogarty is, with Professor Walter Starkie, one of the last of the great Irish wits and has a thousand more such in his armoury. His first autobiography, "*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*" (and I wonder how many of the English maiden ladies who enjoyed it know the rest of the words of the ancient song from which the book takes its title!), was a joy. There was laughter. There were tears. There was some fine malice. So a new Gogarty is something of an event. I plunged, therefore, into "*Rolling Down the Lea*" (Constable; 15s.) with the headlong eagerness of one running down to the sea after a long, hot and tedious bumper-to-bumper drive to the coast. And now? I am not sure. It is certainly not as good a book as "*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*" or its successor, "*Tumbling in the Hay*." Dr. Gogarty has a highly allusive style. There are whole chapters which will, I suspect, mean little to those who do not know Ireland, and not only that, a small, particularised section of Dublin life. Perhaps it is the effect of living in America, but Dr. Gogarty's urbanity appears to have waned while his bitterness waxes. But when you have said these things you have exhausted the ammunition of criticism. When Dr. Gogarty gets out of Dublin and forgets about Mr. de Valera (neither dead nor a donkey, but certainly not worth all that amount of beating), the fun begins. For pure joy I know of few descriptions to touch the "Battle of Agincourt" fought "Rank upon Rank" in the grounds of Powerscourt and of the extra who objected to the beating which he, as a "Frenchman," had to accept at the hands of an "Englishman." As described to Dr. Gogarty, said the "Frenchman" to the "Englishman": "'Houlihan,' sez he, 'Houlihan, get this into your head and under your helmet, and don't forget it. If ye larrup me on the last night the way ye have been doing up to this, be jabers, I'll reverse history!'" The Powerscourt "Battle of Agincourt" has, incidentally, already passed into legend locally and was not shot without difficulties. Dr. Gogarty's friend replied to his suggestion that the casualties must have been heavy: "Faith, you're right; but they were mostly French. The English won every day and the people don't like it. They begin to blame the management." A delight of a book, and I am only sorry that I cannot award it quite as high marks as its predecessors. But then, Dr. Gogarty's Beta plus is better than most writers' pure Alphas.

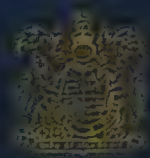
The pleasure of reading a book by Dr. Gogarty lies in the fact that—unlike our little mimsy intellectuals—his interests are as wide as his scholarship is deep. A good shout of laughter, a pleasantly earthy joke about horse-racing would do an awful lot of good in Bloomsbury Square. I suppose there have been few scholars in our lifetime as great or so respected for their scholarship as the late George Saintsbury. Yet less than a week before his death—in his late eighties he was writing to a young lady friend about "that accursed bodyline bowling," on which subject he found himself at one with Sir Don Bradman and the Australians. I am indebted for this pleasant little sidelight to Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart, one of the friends and admirers of Saintsbury, who contributes an introductory essay to "*A Last Vintage*" (Methuen; 15s.). Three editors—Mr. John Oliver, Mr. Arthur Melville Clark and Mr. Augustus Muir—have arranged this collection of posthumous papers, and in addition to Miss Stuart, Dr. D. Nichol Smith and Miss Helen Waddell have contributed personal portraits. These portraits are excellent and the essays and other papers they introduce make one wish that there were a few bins in the cellar still to be discovered, even after this. Some of the essays are long and exhaustive (without ever being exhausting); others, like that entitled "Dullness," short and stimulating. Others again, like "The Bounties of Bacchus," the merest delightful fragment. But from them all—and through them all—there shines the quality of this fine scholar and most human man. Would that in these days, when university dons are, on the whole, stuffy things (many of them even teetotallers), there were a few Saintsburies to teach the teachers that education is something more than mere instruction and that scholarship is more than the amassing of information.

A great deal of the Saintsbury essays deals with points of literary criticism. Mr. D. S. Savage, in "*The Withered Branch*" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), evidently believes the art of criticism is dead, or at any rate moribund. Mr. Savage has already established his own reputation as a critic, and in this evaluation of six modern prose writers from Hemingway to James Joyce he has enhanced it.

"*Climber's Testament*," by W. Kenneth Richmond (Alvin Redman; 12s. 6d.), is a book about mountaineering which is out of the ordinary run. That is to say, it deals almost exclusively with mountaineering, as it can be practised by the many young people in this country who have become enthusiasts but who are not likely to be able to scrape up the fare to Zermatt. The mountains (would the Continental Alpinist call them "hills"?) of these islands provide every type of climbing that the enthusiast needs—with the exception of icestep-cutting and the undoubted effect on the mind and muscles of the climber of high altitude. Mr. Richmond attempts to answer the old question of "Why do people climb?" No one has yet, to my knowledge, answered it satisfactorily, but in the process almost a philosophy of mountaineering has been evolved. To that philosophy Mr. Richmond adds his quota. The only jarring note is a Daltonesque hint of a sneer at the "well-to-do" Alpinists of the past—without whom mountaineering would never have been developed.

From mountains . . . to the M.C.C. This year's "*Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack*" (Sporting Handbooks; 9s. 6d.) marks the centenary of the foundation of John Wisden and Co. Looking through its expanded and gently exciting pages, one feels with Colonel Blimp, "Gad, Sir! If only these confounded foreigners would learn to play cricket, our problems would be solved."

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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Polythene was essential for the development of another great achievement of British research—radar. The illustration shows the radar installation at the port of Liverpool. Polythene, or polymerised ethylene, is a tough yet flexible plastic with remarkable qualities as an electrical insulator. The name is generic for a range of solid polymers of ethylene, a gas derived from alcohol or petroleum. Ethylene will not polymerise easily, that is, the molecules will not join together in long chains, but in 1933, I.C.I. chemists found that under extreme pressure they could be made to do so. This was in itself a major scientific achievement, but equal

skill and more patience were needed to develop polythene to the stage of commercial production. The pressures used—sometimes exceeding 10 tons per square inch—had never been employed before in chemical processes, and at the beginning there were many explosions, one of which almost wrecked the laboratory. The process was finally mastered in 1936, and the first plant manufacturing polythene came into production on 1st September, 1939, the day the Germans invaded Poland. Never was a product more timely in its arrival. Today it is finding many uses, the most important being the improvement of submarine telephone and telegraph cables.



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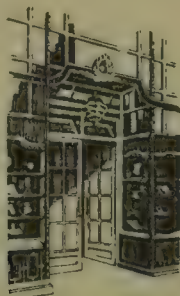
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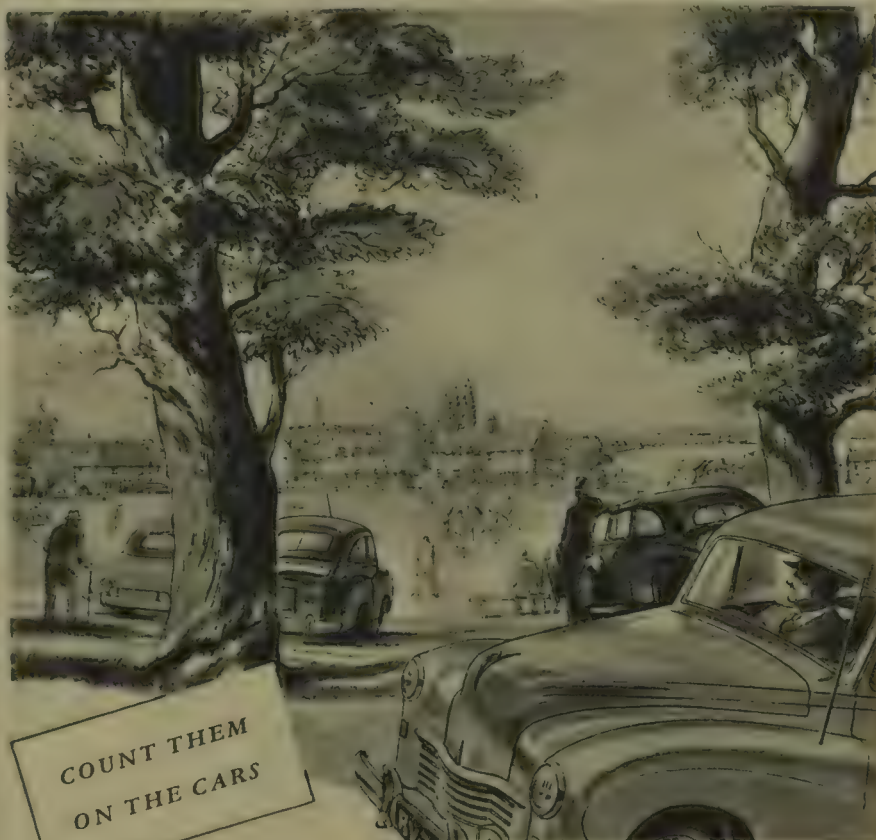
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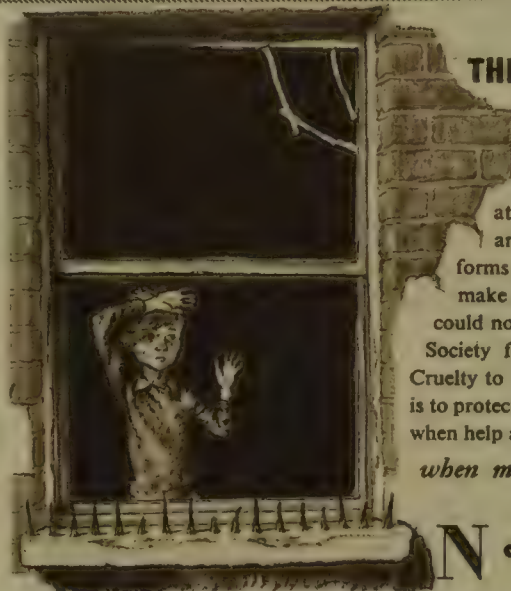


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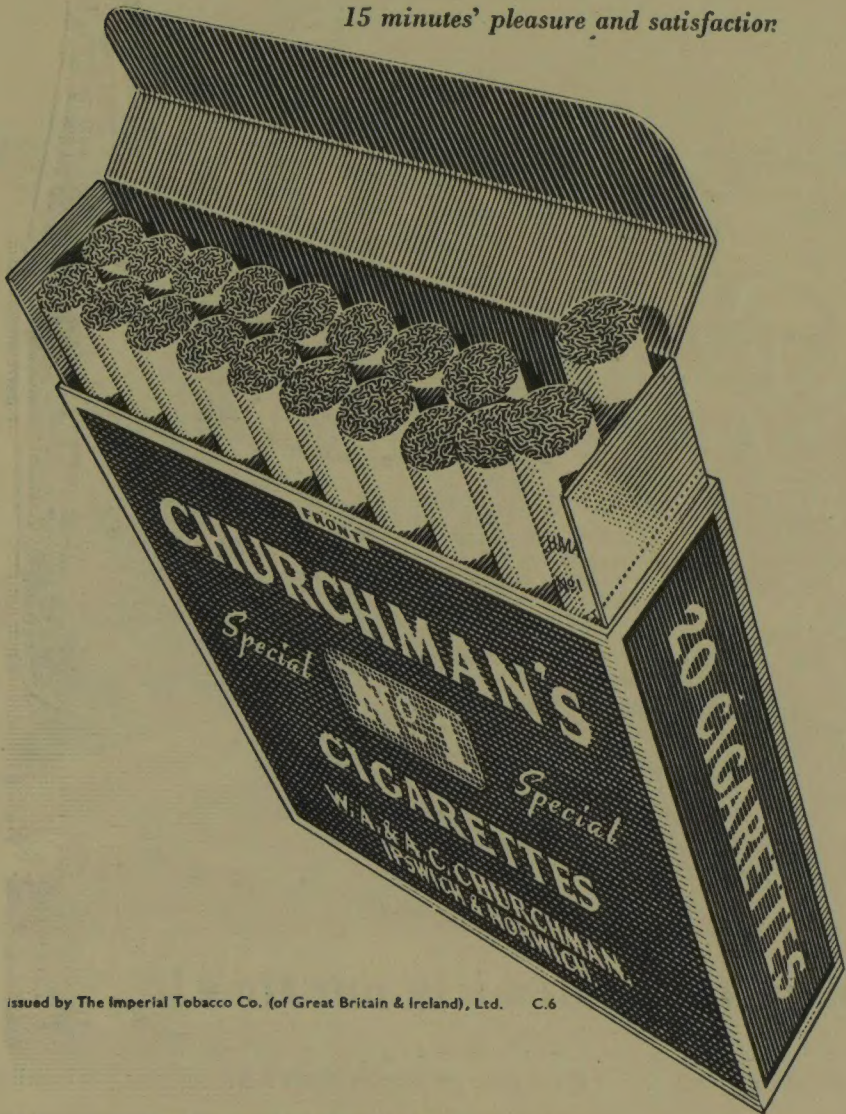
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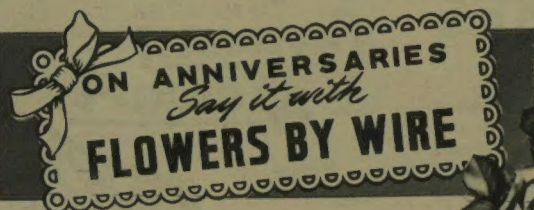
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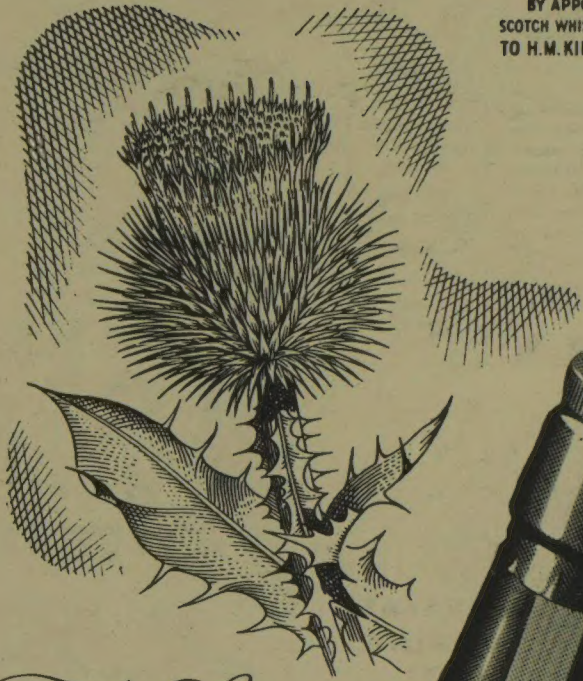
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